THE BYSTANDER
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NOVEMBER 28, 1928
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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, November 28, 1928 No. 1302. Vol. C.

The BYSTANDER

Central News

ON A HUNTING MORNING

The Duke of York in cheerful spirits before the run. The photograph was taken at a meet of the Pytchley at Brixworth

A Wedding of Note

Lenare

MISS JOAN IRENE PEARS

Who will be married on Wednesday, December 19, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. W. Shirley Worthington-Evans, only son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary of State for War, and Lady Worthington-Evans. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Pears, of New Chapel House, Lingfield, Surrey

Allow us to present Joy Spring of Vaudeville revue,
Who bears a name as charming as unquestionably true,
For when the gloomy Winter makes us feel both drear and blue,
Joy springs up in our hearts again when Joy Spring comes in view.

Sasha

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Good morning, Carlton."

"The secret's out, then."

"You mean dear Tallulah's engagement?"

"Yes, that's it. A bit of a knock-out, wasn't it?"

"Well, I'll say she's certainly taken the Count."

"Where will the honeymoon be?"

"I suggest New Brunswick."

"Lord Inverclyde's got his decree, I see."

"Yes. But you know the course of true love never did run smooth."

"No.—Not even if it runs as far as Africa."

"Well, it will all come right in the summer-time."

"You mean round about June?"

"Now, now, Ritz! Jackie Coogan's been to the dentist, I hear."

"Like to like, Carlton."

"What do you mean?"

"That they both draw well."

"Gracie's found fresh Fields to conquer."

"Yes, and her admirers were nearly drunk with delight despite the black outlook."

"Not drunk—only Topsy!"

"So the Bing Girl's back here again."

"Had a big success, too."

"Yes. No one can Vie with La Reine of Cockney humour, you know."

"Quite a Bow Belle, in fact."

"See that the Byng Boy's going to squash the naughty night clubs?"

"Yes. His Yard measure will give 'em fits, too."

"You're right. It looks as though Clubs won't be trumps much longer."

"Diamonds seem to be a strong suit on the Cunard Line, though."

"It So'ton-ly looks like it, Ritz."

"What a rotton pun. Glad to see New York's District Attorney has been rapped over the knuckles."

"Yes, the American papers have been saying more than 'Tut-Tuttle' to their Sergeant Buzfuz."

"By the way, can you tell me who is Radclyffe Hall's favourite poet?"

"Well, I'm quite sure it's certainly not Byron."

"Spell it with an I, Carlton. Spell it with an I."

"Don't you think the treatment of the "Well of Loneliness" was a 'burning' shame?"

"Well, it was certainly hotter in its last stages than in its first."

"Here's a little riddle for you, Ritz. If Labour came into power do you know what Kirkwood do?"

"But they won't. All their movements will be Minority ones."

"You DON'T know, I see. He would stop Mr. F. C. Thomson, the Vice-Chamberlain, wearing gold uniform in the House."

"Make him drape himself artistically in the Red Flag, I suppose."

"That reminds me, Ritz. What's the difference between the Labour and the Conservative Parties?"

"Give it up, Carlton."

"Quite simple. The energies of the Labourites are Red Flagging."

"And the Conservative energies?"

"Oh, they are *very* flagging. By the way, Piccadilly Circus is still in a mess."

"Well, it takes a long time to make a home fit for Eros to live in."

"See that a V.C. has got £675 damages out of one of our film companies?"

"Yes. He thought his treatment during the filming was too a-bomb-inable."

"He was 'shot' in more ways than one, *wasn't* he, Carlton?"

"D'you know Georges Carpentier may appear in musical comedy in Town?"

"What next? In a leading part, I suppose."

"Well, anyway, we all know he's used to making people see 'stars.'"

"Must ring off now, Carlton. I'm lunching at the Café Anglais."

"Righto, Ritz. When you get there give my love to the gorgeous Rex."

"Good Evans! WHAT a remark! So long, Carlton."

"AND so broad! Bye-bye, Ritz."

IRA AND HER LOVERS

You know Ira, don't you? The most expensive thing alive, she costs millions and millions and millions. . . . Is she a reigning beauty? No! I cannot call her *that*. Has she a form like Venus? Well, well, perhaps she's rather fat, although Jix and Lord Byng of Vimy positively adore her. There is something about Ira that proves quite irresistible to Pump Politicians, Prudes on the Prowl, Town Councillors, and Justices of the Peace . . . It would not be untruthful to say she is an old man's darling. Dora, her elder sister, passed away not long since, unmourned and unregretted by a world as yet unrepentant . . . And then, silently, Ira emerged to take her place.

'Time, gentlemen, please"

THE other day a deputation of Town Councillors from South Coast resorts decided to visit the Riviera to discover why more British subjects than ever misguidedly visited the Continent on their summer holidays this year, and why our Yankee cousins cut England out of their programme, and dash to spend fabulous sums—estimated, in the headlines of the American papers, at one hundred and thirty millions a year—on the Continent. Pooh! I could have told them the answer pat and saved them their fares. The answer is Ira.

P. and A.

MRS. MEYRICK RELEASED

Mrs. Meyrick, proprietress of many night clubs, has just been released from Holloway Prison, having served a sentence of six months for selling intoxicating drinks after hours. She is seen here with her daughter, the Countess of Kinnoull

IT is by no means the question of climate that tells, and it certainly is not a question of beauty of scenery, for all said and done the Cornish Riviera, the hills of Torquay, and the pinewoods of Bournemouth can vie proudly at any time even with the Côte d'Azur. True, the sun shines warmly in the South and the sea is blue, but it can often be bitterly cold, and it is always inexpressibly expensive. Yet people who will haggle over small sums in a London restaurant will cheerfully fling discretion to the winds and pay lavishly any price on the Riviera, where new hotels are springing up like mushrooms in the night.

YES. I am afraid that Ira is to blame for all this—Ira whose forbidding countenance interposes itself between you and your wineglass at one minute past ten on Sundays and one minute past eleven on a week-day. Certainly, by a gracious concession in our poor parochial London, you are allowed to hug your wineglass until midnight if you are having supper. You are enjoying yourself, say, at the Piccadilly Hotel Cabaret, when the waiter whispers discreetly in your ear, "Time, please, sir—kindly finish your drink!" Midnight has come! The tocsin has sounded! What is legal nourishment at one minute to midnight becomes a criminal offence at precisely one minute past! No wonder the French say we are fools. How can a thing be respectable one minute and a crime the next? But because of such a ridiculous law, honoured in the breach and not in the observance, night clubs are closed down as though centres of vice, and Mrs. Meyrick is sent to prison as a common criminal.

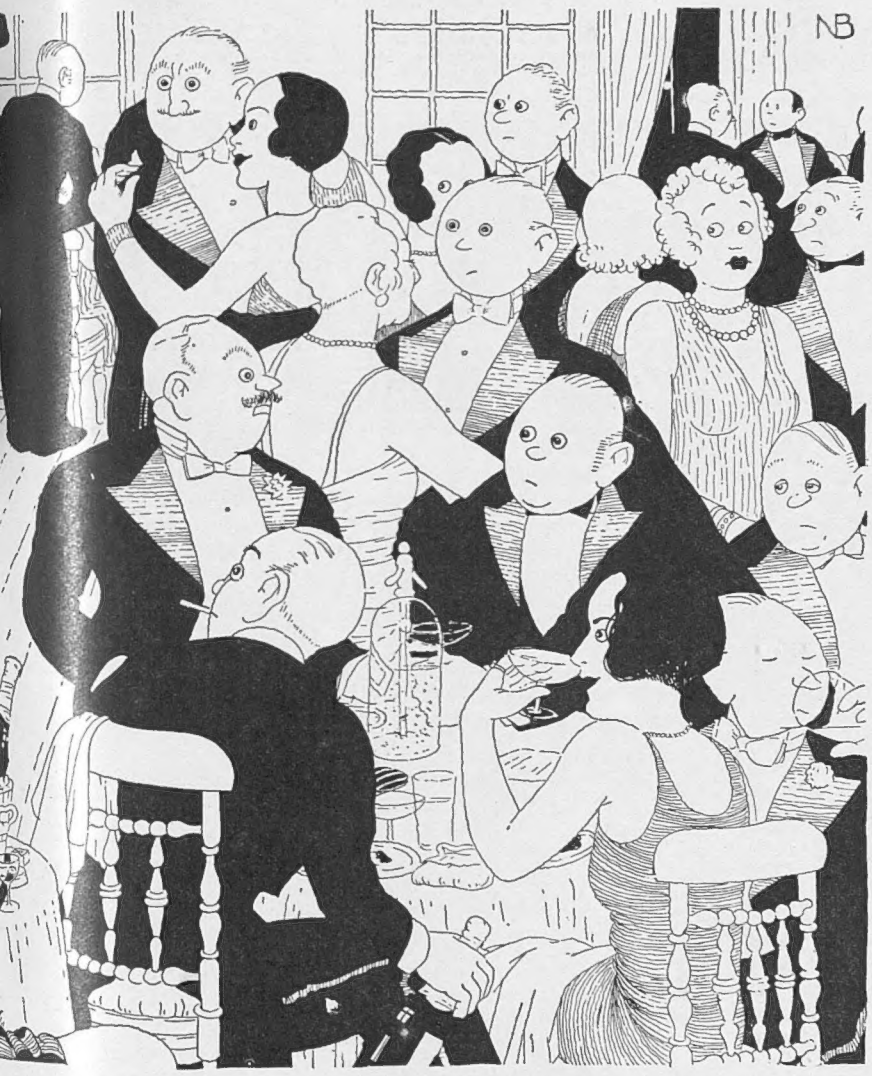
By Kim

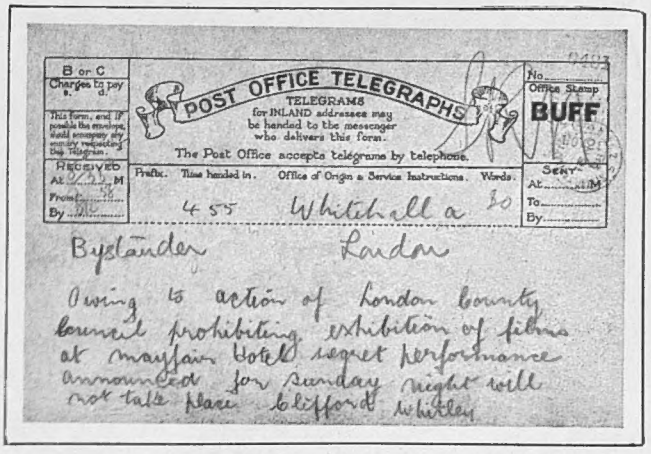
Illustration by NICHOLAS BENTLEY

A FEW weeks ago I was visiting a fashionable seaside resort on the East Coast. Some of us had bathed, and as it was a warm and sunny day we put on wraps, sat down under a big orange umbrella in private hotel grounds, gazing languidly across the blue and silver sea and felt that England could genuinely compare in charm with the Riviera. A waiter hove in sight and *apéritifs* were ordered. With the usual apologetic discretion of well-trained waiters he informed us that he must not accept any orders to serve *apéritifs* outside the four walls of the hotel. This was a decree of the local Bumbles. It remains a standing wonder that we were not expelled the town as undesirables.

S

STRANGELY enough, elsewhere in Europe—if Britain be in Europe—to order *apéritifs* at any time and at any place is not thought a crime. In Europe politicians, prudes, and local Bumbles are not allowed to superimpose a horrible figure of a national Ira costing millions—did I say that before? Sorry. Nor it is as though her activities stopped short at wicked night clubs and disreputable persons who like to dance and drink after midnight in the world's capital. Fancy, if someone suggested a casino in a South Coast resort, where they gambled at *trente et quarante* or at roulette? . . . Perish the thought! What a fortune it would bring to the hotel-keepers, say, at Bournemouth! But what heart-burnings. Talk of the Devil, why, they would smell his sulphur! Even down to quite harmless things Ira forces her maw. Can you get hot rolls for breakfast, dear Bystander? Or buy a reel of cotton after 8 p.m.? I can't, anyway. These are apparently sins. And if I want cigarettes I must adjourn to an automatic machine. Our glorious land of liberty!





S

FINALLY, dear brethren, look at the telegram above. Quite recently a smart West End hotel enterprisingly decided on Sunday evenings to give a dinner-dance and add as an attraction a short talking film. All the tables were booked, when just at the crucial moment Ira butted in, otherwise the London County Council, and said it must not be. As coy as a little miss with a daisy counting the petals were the L.C.C. It was: You may . . . You may not . . . You may . . . Eventually it was you May for the Moment but for one week only. I don't know how the business has ended and I don't care, but when the people's pleasures and amusements are subjected to crowds of vexatious Acts of Parliament or local rules and to pettifogging officials, with Lord Byng and his Boys employing valuable time and costing huge sums of public money as Nosey Parkers—I think it is time to beat it.

S

IRA—you can guess—means Irksome Restrictions Acts. If the artist had wanted to please me he would have drawn my legs running out of this page.

S

IT goes against the grain to see good money turned away from our very doors by the forbidding countenance of Ira. Millions and mill . . . sorry, but it does stick in one's throat. And, really, truth to tell, why should we be subjected to this régime of cant, hypocrisy and bigotry? Why should the Bumbles of Parliament, Pulpit or Press be permitted to dictate to us when we may or may not drink other things than cocoa? Or let us gamble if we want to? Or have hot rolls for breakfast? Or do any other of the things the Highbrows think wrong?

S

I'LL tell you one thing. Jix, with his Puritanical fads, is killing the Conservative Party. The Flapper Vote won't go to the Kill-joys. Not on your life will it.

A HAMPSHIRE SHOOT *Sport and General*

A photograph of some of those who spent a pleasant day at the Marchioness Curzon's pheasant shoot at Hackwood Park, Basingstoke, Hants. In front, from left to right, are Col. Giles Loder, Sir Harry Stonor, Major Eric Mackenzie, Mr. Hubert Duggan and the Marchioness Curzon. In rear are Earl Beatty (left), the Hon. R. Molyneux, Sir Mathew Wilson and Lord Cochrane

Miss Compton Collier

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON

Who recently entertained a shooting party at her beautiful home at Hackwood Park, Basingstoke, in Hampshire, photographed with two faithful retainers. Her elder son by her first marriage, Mr. Alfred Duggan, has recently become engaged to Miss Sylvia Nairn, while her younger son, Mr. Hubert Duggan, married Miss Joan Dunn

WHO - WHEN - & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Coming of Age

THE Earl of Erne came of age last week, and there were a series of festivities and presentations at Crom Castle, near Newtown Butler, in County Fermanagh. One of the tragedies of the War brought Lord Erne the succession to the earldom when he was seven.

His father, Viscount Crichton, was killed in action, but for some little time afterwards it was impossible to get the facts of his death. A month later Lord Crichton's father, the fourth Earl of Erne, died, and as the proofs of his son's death had not then come to hand there was a harassing anxiety about his fate and the succession to the earldom. At first it was hoped that Lord Crichton had been made a prisoner of war, but most unfortunately this was not so.

His widow, an aunt of the Duke of Westminster, and a stepsister of the Dowager Marchioness of Cambridge, married the Hon. Algernon Stanley, the fifth of Lord Derby's six sons, four years after her first husband's death.

The youthful earl has already had experience as a host, for two years ago he entertained the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn at Crom Castle, during the Duke's "progress" as Governor of Northern Ireland.

The Bon Mot

THE late Earl of Erne, grandfather of the present peer, was a noted *raconteur*. His Countess was equally noted for her statuesque dignity.

This combination one evening gave Mrs. Robert Crawshay, one of the wittiest women in Society, an opportunity for her genius in making *bons mots*. She was talking to a man at a party. Looking up he saw Lord and Lady Erne—a noticeable couple anywhere—coming into the room, and asked who they were.

"Oh, don't you know?" said Mrs. Crawshay. "They are 'the storied urn and animated bust.'"

Lady Grey of Falloden

"THE Wyndhams have a genius for friendship," somebody once said in speaking of the late George Wyndham. Lady Grey of Falloden, whose death came with such tragic suddenness, certainly shared this genius with her brilliant brother. They both had the gift—so rarely met with—of being much more interested in other people than in themselves. A friend of both brother and sister put it in a nutshell when she said, "When you are with them they never talk about themselves, only about you."

Few women can leave behind such a fragrant memory, and few women have the power to excite such devotion amongst children, friends and dependents as Lady Grey.

Universal sympathy has gone out to Lord Grey of Falloden. It is only six years since he and Lady Grey were married, two years after the death of

her first husband, the late Lord Glenconner, Lady Oxford and Asquith's brother. Lord Grey's first wife died as a result of a carriage accident, and after fourteen years of widowerhood he married Lady Glenconner.

About the time of their marriage Lord Grey's eyesight was seriously affected. Nothing could have been more touching than Lady Grey's care of him, and the quiet, tactful way in which she spared him any possible difficulty.

At the May Fair

EMERALD LADY CUNARD will be hostess at a Fashion and Jewel Show which will be held at the May Fair Hotel on Friday next, November 30, in aid of the League of Opera. The afternoon show will take place at 3.30 and in the evening. Cartier, Callot Sœurs, Worth, of Paris, and Emile are presenting what will prove the most wonderful spectacle of beautiful dresses and magnificent jewels ever seen. An interesting part will be undertaken by Monsieur Emile, who will present twenty-eight models in a retrospective exhibition of hairdressing through the ages.

Among those who have given their patronage to the Fashion and Jewel Show and will be present are the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, H.H. the Maharanne of Cooch Bahar, the Duchess of Sutherland, Violet Duchess of Rutland, the Duchess of Rutland, the Duchess of Roxburgh, and Princess Hatzfeldt.

Scotland's First Silver Fox Exhibition

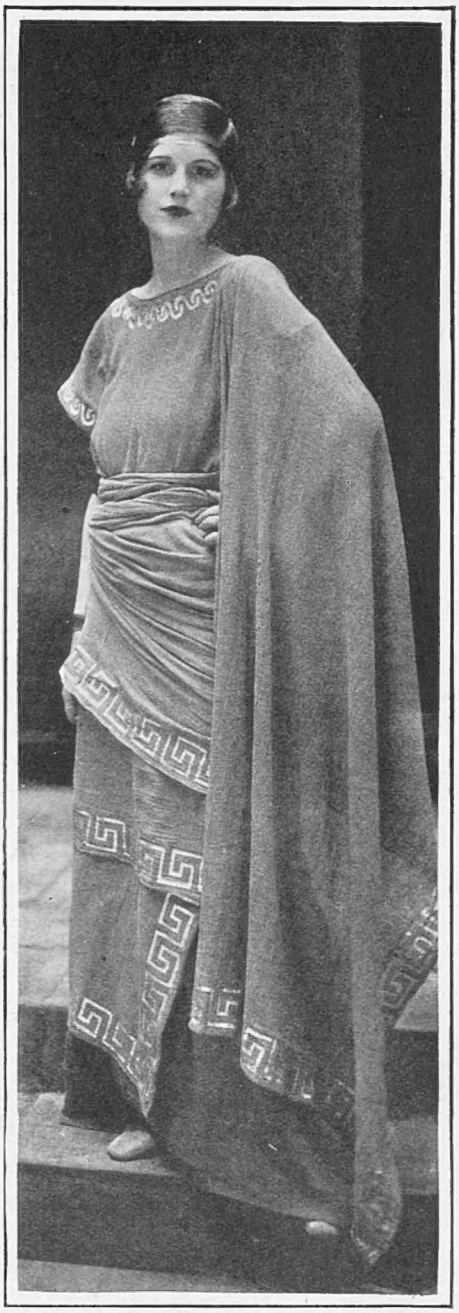
THE exhibition of Silver Foxes held in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, from the 14th to the 16th of November, was the first show held by fox breeders independently of other breeding societies. Great interest was displayed by visitors in the beautiful little creatures with fur ranging from black to pale silver.

Skins from British farms now command in the open market a price equal to that of the best Canadian pelts, and the animals on show, many of them from farms of modest dimensions, afforded a complete vindication of the optimism of the pioneers of silver fox breeding in this country.

The way has been smoothed for those who may desire to participate in a fascinating and remunerative occupation, and many of the animals on show were representative of the sixth and seventh generations of British foxes.

Of particularly docile demeanour, the warning to visitors, " not to insert their fingers," was not altogether superfluous, and one sympathised with the judges in their endeavours to decide as to the respective merits of the gorgeous " balls of fluff."

The optimism of Colonel the Hon. I. M. Campbell, D.S.O., T.D., and his executive council did not, however, extend to lady judges; presumably they felt that three days was too short a period for Eve to overcome her all-embracing love of fur.



Lenare

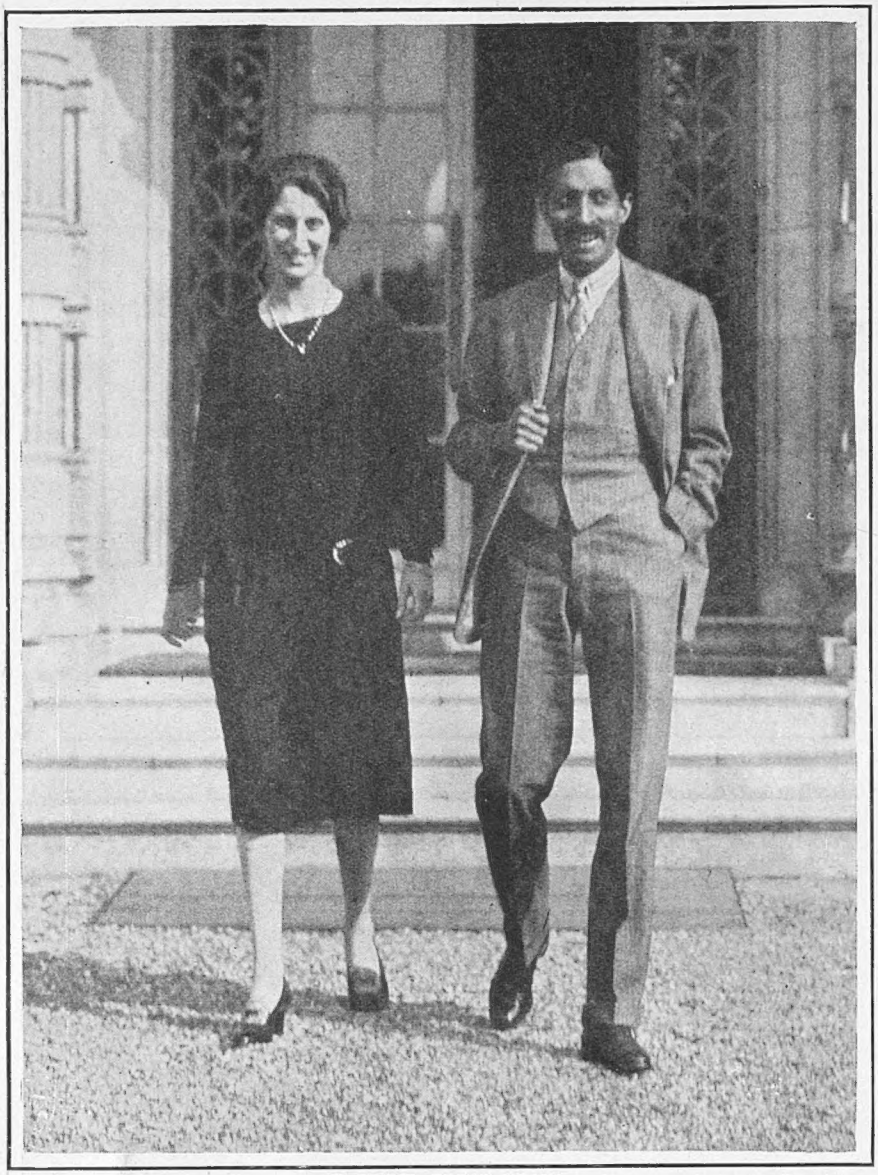
LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER

The second daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury, photographed in an artistic pose. She is one of the most beautiful girls in Society, and it was most unfortunate that she was prevented by illness from being chief bridesmaid at her elder sister Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper's wedding yesterday (Tuesday) to Lord Alington

AN ARMISTICE ANNIVERSARY *Photopress*

Sir Neville and Lady Pearson (Miss Gladys Cooper) attended the St. Dunstan's Tenth Armistice Anniversary Dance, which was recently held at Marylebone Hall. Lady Pearson is seen here dancing with Capt. Ian Fraser, the blind M.P.

THE RIVIERA LAWN TENNIS ARGUMENT



AT THEIR PARIS HOME *P. and A.*

The ex-Maharajah of Indore photographed with his Californian wife, formerly Miss Nancy Miller, outside the Chateau Holkar, their beautiful home near Paris. An interesting event is expected to take place in the near future

Photographs *Hay Wrightson*

TWO FORTHCOMING WEDDINGS

Miss Erica Moresby, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moresby, of 11, Pembroke Road, Kensington, and grand-daughter of the late Admiral John Moresby. She is engaged to be married to Lieut.-Commander Cuthbert James Carr, R.N., second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Eshott Carr

Miss Doris Lucy Couchman, elder daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Couchman, of Instow, North Devon. She is to be married to Mr. George Maitland Edye, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Savile Edye, of 14, Devonshire Street, W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on December 10

Meeting the Train

MEETING the express trains from London and Paris is quite one of the Riviera recreations, especially at this time of year, when old friends are returning daily in crowds to their favourite winter quarters. It has been specially interesting lately, and as we have now had a full week of practically uninterrupted sunshine, it has been delightful to see on their arrival the broad smiles of joy and relief on the faces of travellers who have been unlucky enough to have to come through the terrible tempests in the North, but have been compensated by their warm welcome. And even if the arrival is an hour or two behind schedule—"All's well that ends well," as I heard a lady well known in Society remark at the station yesterday, as she carefully counted her trunks first, being Scottish, and then gazed in admiration at a really blue sky.

Tennis as Usual

A SIGH of relief went up all along the Riviera when it was definitely known that the French Lawn Tennis Federation had finally yielded to argument, and had agreed not to interfere with the international tournaments of the coming winter. I would have ventured to prophesy this result, being confident that logic would prevail, for it would have been little short of disastrous if our numerous Riviera clubs had been deprived of one of their main attractions. There are already a large number of players there, notably at the Parc Imperial at Nice, the Cannes Tennis Club, the Menton Club, and the youngest club of all, which is the Miramar at charming Juan-les-Pins.

Going Golfing

PRACTICALLY all the golf courses are now in full swing, and there were a hundred members present at the opening of the Nice Golf Course for the season. The veteran secretary, Mr. J. R. Hay Gordon, who has now accomplished twenty-five years of service there, is as fit and as agile as ever, and does almost daily his eighteen holes in a style worthy of a much younger man. The Country Club at Mougins is so charming a resort that, reversing the usual order of things, it opened the club restaurant on November 21, ten days before the course was available for play, which is an indication that this beautiful four-hundred-year-old olive mill is well worth a visit, even if the greens are not quite ready.

A New Course

WINTER golf in picturesque surroundings is becoming so popular that strenuous efforts are being made to provide more accommodation. Suitable land is far from easy to find, and is very expensive. A third course, however, is being planned at Cannes, not far from the old original course at Mandelieu. The pretty little course at Beauvallon has remained open throughout the summer, and another nine-hole course is being constructed at Sainte-Maxime. With such sporting attractions the steady

A BIG FRANCO-BRITISH AFFAIR

Sport and General

COURSING IN THE AVON VALLEY

There were some good trials at the Avon Valley Coursing Club's Meeting at Amport, Hants. On the left is seen a fine course between Mr. R Rank's Rigid Rule and Mr. S. W. Beer's Bridal Path; while below is Mrs. Lovett carrying Capt. E. A. V. Stanley's Mulatto to the slips. Mulatto was beaten in the final round of the Amport Cup

development of the lovely country around the Gulf of St. Tropez is assured.

At Cannes

RECENTLY I hinted that an event of special interest was being arranged at Cannes, and I am now able to reveal that this will take the form of a big Franco-British *fête* in public recognition of the fact that the town owes its discovery and its prosperity to the British. It was Lord Brougham who first realised the charms of this part of the Mediterranean coast, and as the 150th anniversary of his birth, the 50th anniversary of the unveiling of his statue, and the 25th anniversary of the founding of the *Entente Cordiale* by King Edward VII, another Cannes *habitué*, will all fall during the coming season, it is proposed to celebrate these facts on a grand scale with the official support of the French Government. Lord Derby, who spends his winters at Cannes, is taking an active part in the arrangements and there will be important news about the programme in the near future. The *fête* will be a milestone in the history of the French Riviera.

A Building Boom

I WAS surprised the other day when hearing from some friends at St. Raphael to find how many villa residents had already returned, and right along to Hyères the coast, I hear, is looking most attractive. New villas, hotels and casinos are taking the place of deserted stretches of country, and if there are visitors who sigh for the old days, when life was primitive in these parts, they are far outnumbered by new arrivals who appreciate the amenities of modern comfort and sanitation and the sources of recreation which enterprising people are offering them. In these

British Illus.

BEAUTY AND GRACE AT THE PARK LANE HOTEL

Mrs. Armstrong-Jones as 'Ice-Snow" in a striking tableau at the Ball of The Midnight Sun that was held last week at the Park Lane Hotel. She is seen here surrounded by a galaxy of Society "Stars," and among those who took part in the Ball were Princess Imertinsky, Lady Castlerosse, Lady Weymouth Lady Buchanan-Jardine and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley

TWO CHARITY BALLS OF NOTE

THE M.C.C. TEAM TAKES A DAY OFF *I.B.*

An unconventional photograph of some of our cricketers in Australia, relieved, for a moment, from the more arduous task of cricket. Left to right, Leyland, Tate, Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, Sutcliffe and Mr. J. C. White

sunny resorts we believe in a long life and a gay one.

A Parterre of Princesses

TALMA, the great French actor, used to boast that he had "played to a *parterre* of kings." The organisers of the White Rose Ball at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of the Ladies' Association of the Queen's Hospital for Children, could boast equally that they had collected a *parterre* of princesses for that brilliant evening. Besides the Queen of Spain and King George of Greece there were the Infanta Beatriz, the Infanta Maria Christina, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Helena Victoria, and Princess Marie Louise. Before the ball Princess Beatrice gave a large dinner-party at Kensington Palace for the Queen of Spain, most of the guests going on to the ball afterwards. Another dinner which was given for the ball was Lady Weigall's, at whose house in Hill Street, with its walls painted with scenes in the garden at Petwood, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Marie Louise were amongst the guests.

On the same evening Lord and Lady Kylsant gave a dinner at Chelsea House in honour of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, who left for South Africa at the end of last week to take up their extended term of office. Lord Athlone had not been in England since his appointment as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa five years ago.

Express

ENCORE THE "MIDNIGHT SUN"

Princess von Bismarck (left) representing "Fire" and Lady Ashley representing "Earth" photographed in the wonderful dresses in which they appeared at the Midnight Sun Ball. This was held last week at the Park Lane Hotel in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham

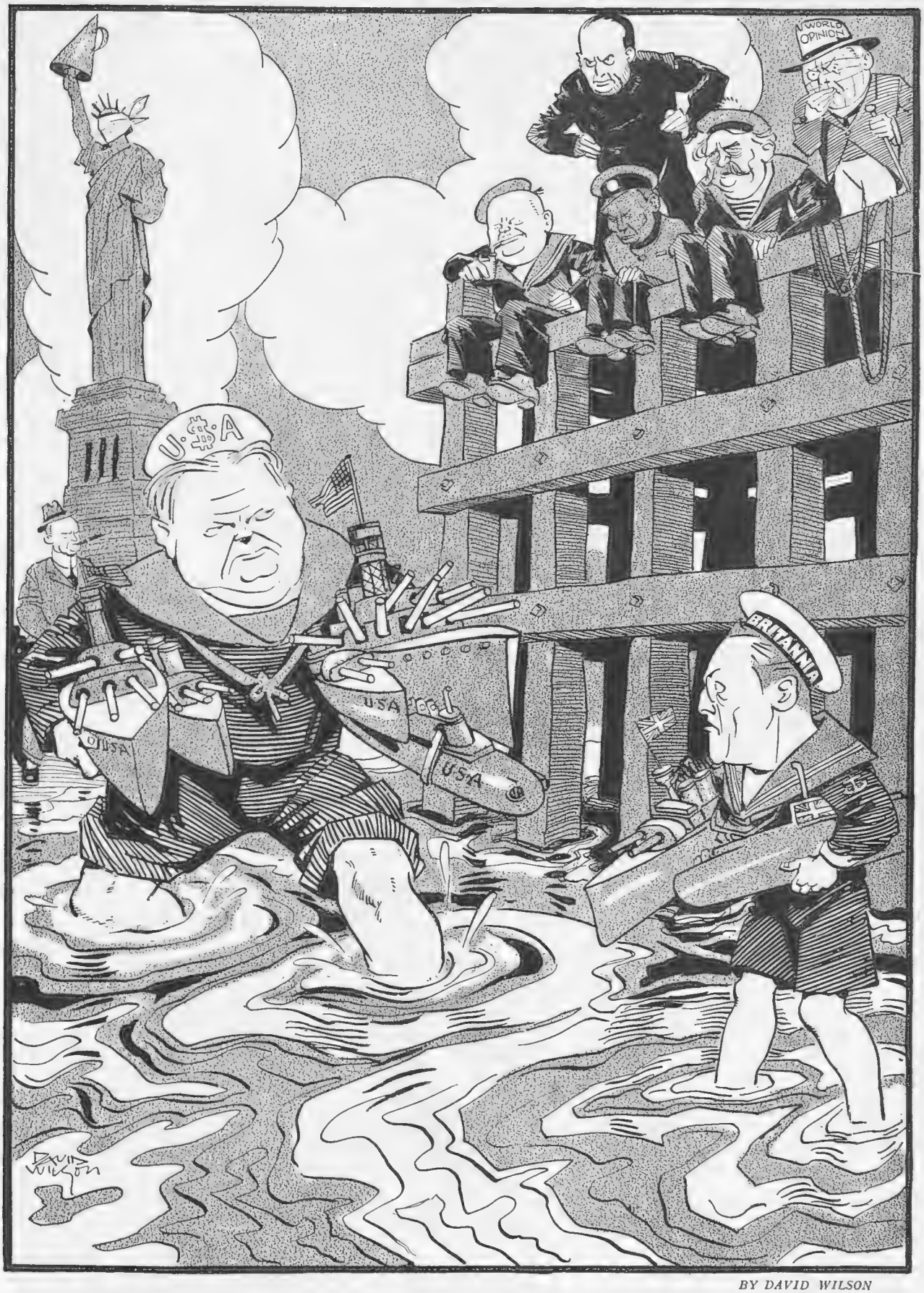
To-night's Ball

JUDGING by all the signs and portents, the Blue Ball, which takes place at the May Fair Hotel, to-night, November 28, will be as successful as any held this year. The Ball, which is under the immediate patronage of Princess Mary, is in aid of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, and the indefatigable Lady Tree is the Chairman of the Ball Committee. One of the most interesting features of the evening will be a cabaret show which will include songs by the Glee Singers, who are appearing in *Blue Eyes*, the musical play now running at Daly's Theatre.

Everyone dances nowadays, but for those who feel disposed to take an "easy" a Bridge room will be available where they can enjoy a quiet rubber when not fox-trotting to the playing of the Clabon-West Band. It is hoped that at least £1,000 will be raised by means of the Blue Ball to help the Association, which is, of course, one of the most deserving in the kingdom, and those who attend will have the double satisfaction of aiding a good cause in a really pleasant way.

Tickets may still be obtained from the Ball Secretary, The Blue Ball, Byron House, 7, St. James's Street, W.1. These cost 35*s* each, and include cabaret, a sit-down supper, and the buffet. Double tickets may be obtained for three guineas, whilst those who are making up a party can buy six for £9.

The Freedom of the Seas



BY DAVID WILSON

THE BIG "COUSIN": "Say you, Austen, if you try to build any more ships, we've got the money to build ten to your one. See?"

THE OTHER: "But have you got the fellows to man them?"

THE INTERFERENCE BUREAU

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

Rosemary

PERHAPS the old French cynic knew what he was talking about when he said that we always derive a certain satisfaction from the misfortunes of our friends. Whatever it is, it is certain that half the world enjoys itself rushing in to judge the other half with a fearlessness unknown to the angels.

Always seems such a pity that the amount of energy so spent can't be put to better purpose; for the work of the Interference Bureau (Dora unLimited and Co.) requires a lot from its servants and puts great strain upon them. A magistrate, for example, may be required to wade a lonely way through Wells, and mustn't skip, however cold his feet get in the middle. It's no use for him to plead that he's got the sooner-give-a-boy-or-girl-prussic-acid feeling. And the only compensation he gets is a front place at the bonfire at the end. A privilege of hoary age, dating back to the days of the witch-hunts.

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AND then look at the labour entailed by the almost nightly struggles of the broader limbs of the law to disguise themselves as Gigolos in order to carry out their peaceful penetration policy. For why? as they say across the water, where they certainly ought to know. Why, in order to arrest an Englishman for committing a crime at 1 a.m that was no crime at 11 p.m. What magic there is in the grape, to be sure, as so many of the poets have observed. The Persian the foremost:

> Yesterday, *this* day's Madness did prepare;
> To-morrow's Silence, Triumph or Despair;
> Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
> Drink! for you know not why
> you go, nor where.

Though you can make a rough guess it will be Marlborough Street.

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ODD, really, the different degrees of importance we attach to things in this country. We see to it that at least some people are disqualified from voting for members of Parliament—Peers, for instance, criminals and lunatics; yet any of these can get a driving licence. Is it any wonder that we live in what a Eugene O'Neill character would call "a turrible state of chassis"?

For there is room for official fussery on the road question, and I, for one, am delighted to see a Royal Commission has been set up, with Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen in the chair. But if there is anything worse than the problem of running a car it is the problem of where to stop it. Any woman who has tried to shop from anything but a series of taxis knows what I mean. Say you have an appointment in Hanover Square; your only hope of parking your car is to get a place in George Street, and to do that you must allow as much time as a guest who wants to be "placed" at a Society wedding. Or supposing you want to shop in Old Bond Street; there's nowhere worth mentioning where you'll be able to leave the car till Berkeley Square. Of course you are allowed to leave it outside a shop for five minutes, but what is that? It was *shopping* I was thinking about. And, of course, if you want to, you can leave it anywhere for exactly two minutes. You could draw up outside a fire station and put your patent lighter to a cigarette, or stop dead in the middle of Piccadilly. But unless you were born under a gyratory star it is wiser not to take your eye off the ball, as it were, in this way.

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AS for rules of the road, Helen McKie is learning to drive, and what she says is that she s jolly glad she got her licence before they started in with this testing idea. For there's a rumour that they're going to lay down rules for the traffic that they'll expect women to observe—fines for faulty signalling and such like, so that it won't be any good any more explaining that you were only shaking out your powder puff. And you must pretend you are at sea and give way to the right, like the sailors. And if that's the only thing to be given away in a car in future, we'll all be standing Foursquare to the Good in no time.

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WE are a nation that lives *pour le sport*. And you would have believed it last week at the Green Park's Friday Gala. The floor, off and on, resembled nothing so much as the spectacle of a Rugger scrum. Couples had left their Mignardisses and ceased their dancing to line up under the netful of balloons slung across the middle of the floor. These were easily attainable; the real fun started with the monkeys and the Studdy dogs. They dangled like marionettes, one by one,

"It won't be any good explaining you were shaking out your powder-puff"

above our heads, and we jumped at them to pull them down. There is a place for everything; *I* think games like Kum-back should be kept to the lawn and not the dance-floor. It sours the best of natures to have an amateur heavyweight on the foot and to spill the champagne over a girl at a table that is off-side. All of which happened to your Rosemary, and she didn't get her Hector after all. But the Friday evening galas at the Green Park are jolly, with lots of fun, even if you do jostle peers and pierettes.

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GOOD thing, perhaps, we did leave some toys behind. Jackie Coogan, baby brother and "Mommer" are staying at the Green Park. I wonder, though, do Poor Little Rich Boys play with floppy dogs? Probably not—which is another reason for believing there's never any cause to envy them. The best part must be being able to do your sums in real gold. Must be so much simpler, and you let the fractions take care of themselves.

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M. EMILE, that King of Coiffeurs and Coiffeur of Queens, talking of the exhibits of famous *grandes dames* that he will show on Friday at the Jewel and Fashion Parade at the May Fair, let fall a rather provocative remark. "After any great war," he said, "the women have always cut off their hair." The fashion has usually lasted for about fifteen years, he went on to explain, and then women grow it long again and take to more elaborate styles of dressing. You can count up the years from 1918 to 1928 on your fingers, but you won't get another word out of M. Emile. With the enigmatical smile that only a Frenchman can wear he will protest that he claims to be no prophet. Be that as it may, we are undoubtedly in a very uncomfortable transition stage in hairdressing. We shall be grateful for example and precept from M. Emile on Friday if he can show us a way out of feeling hideous.

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Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
By making Sunday evenings
The jolliest of time.

I APOLOGISE, but I've just been dining, with the sand of the bunkers hardly dispersed by the bath salts, to the accompaniment of Eric Marshall and his baritone, not to mention the seals, the sea-lions, and the storks. "Sunday evening," as Carlyle used to say above the rush of his quill,

"At the Green Park's Friday Gala"

"takes some beating." But I think—yes, I think we almost have it defeated, unless the L.C.C., or Sir William Joynson-Hicks, or any other of our public bodies, send us back to bed again. Certainly we did the other Sunday evening, when, after going into earnest committee on the rise or fall of the beaded dress as the taxi ticked vindictively, we fell into agreement, on rather yellow chartreuse—I mean charmeuse—and only arrived more (he said) or less (we said) late, to find ourselves at the May Fair. And to our left, but not the immediate left, was the Hon. Lion. Tennyson, who does as much with his bat as poor dear Alfred used to make with his pen—runs I mean. While to the right of the four hundred, though I'd say there were more, was Visc. Churchill, to whom we're all so quiveringly polite around about Ascot time. And just as we'd completed operations on the most fulfilling of dinners there was a whizz and the lights went down, and we were all in the Zoo, and I was put to thinking how easy life would be for a poor girl if we could always go about as well dressed as a piece of handsome jungle. I'll add that it was a "Talkie" of the animals in Regent's Park—*not* the tennis players—and I'll add a bit more and say it would have been just as good without the talk. After that, as I've said, Eric Marshall showed us his baritone, and sweet Elsa MacFarlane sang "She'd Never Realised" all up and down the soprano scale, and two dancers danced so well we couldn't believe they were English. And they weren't, alas! But altogether a very glad overture to Monday morning.

ROSEMARY.

MOVING OFF UNDER A KENTISH SKY *Central Press*

Mr. George M. Davidson, Master of the West Kent, photographed moving off to the first covert after the recent meet of the West Kent, which was held at Ashurst Park. The West Kent Country is chiefly pasture, though there is a good deal of woodland and some plough. Mr. Davidson has been Master and Huntsman since 1925 and the hounds belong to the Country

THE QUORN TO-DAY

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Riding to Hounds

Is the standard of riding to hounds as high as it was in the old days? Speaking simply for Leicestershire, I should say that there are just as many really first-rate riders to hounds as there were in the days of Tom Firr. Certainly there are more good women riders than ever was the case before. You will remember the old slogan: "We'll show those damned Quornites the trick." That was prompted many years ago, when people hunted mainly in one country. They usually went out four days a week with their own pack and made a very rare visit to a neighbouring hunt. On those occasions there prevailed, to put it mildly, a spirit of emulation. Nowadays, with few exceptions, hunting men and women in Leicestershire hunt with all the packs. In this way they can get, if they wish it, six days a week on the grass. On Mondays they will be with the Quorn, on Tuesdays with the Cottesmore, on Wednesdays with the Belvoir, on Thursdays with the Fernie, on Fridays with the Quorn again, and on alternate Saturdays with the Belvoir or Cottesmore. Thus you are likely to see prominent riders out with all the packs.

Quorn Personalities.

The reputation of the Quorn stands to-day as high as ever it did. The pack has been fortunate in enjoying the services of an eminently efficient and popular M.F.H. in the person of Major Algernon Burnaby for many seasons. Since the death of Mr. W. E. Paget last season he has carried on the sole Mastership. His huntsman, Walter Wilson, has long been recognised as one of the leaders of his profession. Although the Quorn field includes many brilliant men to hounds, none of them can catch Wilson, who strikes me as being just as quick to hounds as he was when he came to Leicestershire about eleven years ago, and that is saying a good deal. The second whipper-in, G. Barker, is a most able fellow, and essentially the right man in the right place.

Some Names in this Number

KIM,
JINGLE,
MANVILLE KEITH,
JAY MARTIN,
ROSEMARY,
RALPH STRAUS,
H. H. HARRIS,
HELEN McKIE,
HOOKWAY COWLES,
HYNES,
DAVID WILSON.

Women Who Go Well

Let me mention a few of the constant performers with the Quorn and neighbouring packs. I have mainly in mind people who, while going well to hounds, help and do not mar the sport. Perhaps the ladies are entitled to first consideration. Among those who ride consistently well are Mrs. Burnaby (the Master's wife), Miss Brocklehurst, Mrs. Colin Buist, the Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps, Mrs. R. Crawford, the Hon. Mrs. G. Greenall, Miss Augusta Hamilton, Mrs. J. Harrison, Mrs. Leslie and Miss Lexie Wilson. They form a group of women riders who would be hard to beat in any country. Among the heavyweight performers with the Quorn, two who are generally "there" may be picked out in Major G. Colman and Major Jack Harrison, the latter of whom is the famous polo back. Among the lighter division we can safely include Sir John Burn Murdoch, Colonel F. Campbell Johnson, Major Cantrell-Hubbersty, General John Vaughan and Capt. P. Whitaker, veterans who almost invariably hold a good place when hounds are running.

Hard to Beat

As to the younger generation, Captains Higgins, Orr, T. Arnott, H. Abel Smith, and Geoffrey Harbord all go well. And there are many others who have a cut at the fences and sometimes show the way, but perhaps do not always survive. Captain and Mrs. Higson are usually there or thereabouts: indeed, the latter, often cuts out the work. Some of the best performers in Leicestershire are men with almost a world-wide reputation as hunter dealers. Mr. H. Drage, from Chapel Brampton, comes out with the Quorn on Fridays, and is as good to hounds as ever. So is Mr. H. Beeby, the dealer from Melton Mowbray; while young Reggie Hobbs is a very fine horseman. Mr. Sam Hames is a veteran who cannot be shaken off when hounds run; while one or two of the young Baldings are conspicuous when scent is serving well in this delightful fox-hunting region.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE QUORN

THE HON. MRS. GILBERT GREENALL

W. WILSON, HUNTSMAN

Photographs

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN VAUGHAN

Sport and General

MAJOR A. E. BURNABY, THE MASTER

Some of the right sort who have done the thing," as Henry Alken loved to say. Major Burnaby was Joint-Master of the Quorn from 1919 to 1928 with the late Mr. W. E. Paget, and is now Master Maj.-Gen. John Vaughan recently had a nasty fall, his horse dying a few minutes later. He is the leading genius of the Craven Lodge Club, and one of the best men across country in Leicestershire

Tallulah Bankhead's Engagement

Dorothy Wilding

A recent portrait of Tallulah Bankhead, whose engagement to Count Anthony de Bosdari was announced last week. Her fiancé, who is a naturalised British subject, gave her a racehorse and a Rolls Royce car to signalise their engagement

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK the First Act of this play must be as funny as anything that has been seen on our stage. Usually I laugh sparingly at the theatre, being *blasé*, and several other French words; but Mr. Hugh Wakefield and Miss Marion Lorne simply had me at their mercy. The first scene shows us Hyde Park Corner, with a busy coffee-stall in the foreground. After a few customers have been served with pork-pies and cocoa, and similarly shocking combinations of a great and free people, a taxicab drifts abruptly on the scene. It is Boat Race night, with the usual bit of to-morrow morning thrown in; and on such occasions, as we know, it is the inalienable right and privilege of young English gentlemen to drink a little too much and to ride for choice on the roof of a cab rather than inside it, as unimaginative people usually do.

THUS we have Lord Trent (Mr. Hugh Wakefield) and Sir Richard Carrington (Mr. W. M. Blow), both young bloods of a bluish tint, perched on the roof of their taxi, and singing with the synthetic gaiety that is born of the cocktail in excess. It is Lord Trent's first night in London after many years abroad. He has just come into the title by the deaths of intervening cousins, and he has inherited, among other things, the desirable family residence known as No. 77, Park Lane. As his house is for the moment unoccupied, he is camping out at a neighbouring hotel, but his immediate concern at this point is the job of getting down from the roof of the cab at the stern request of the policeman on duty. Young Sir Richard, in his floundering effort to alight, falls accidentally on the policeman and brings him to the ground, a catastrophe which evokes from Lord Trent the truly sportsmanlike comment that you should never knock a policeman down, though if that bit of luck should happen to come your way, you should always let him get up again before hitting him the second time. In this instance, the policeman takes his gruel good-naturedly, and volunteers to see Sir Richard home.

WHEN Lord Trent has finally extricated himself from the entanglements of the roof of the cab, he declares that the night is still young, and he therefore longs for something in the way of a sensational adventure to wind up a perfect day. By way of a start, he bargains with the cabman for the purchase of the taxi, and this business being satisfactorily concluded, the two sides to the strange bargain adjourn to the interior of the cab to change clothes with one another. It is while this transfer is being adjusted that a lady in urgent need of a taxi rushes up to the door of the cab, and then rushes away again with a mildly profane cry of surprise that tells its own story, and sets us all laughing immoderately.

A MOMENT or so later Lord Trent reappears in the official garb of a taxi driver, with badge included, and is at once hailed by a lady of the name of Sophie Rye (Miss Lorne), who orders him to follow closely another taxi that is already on its way. We are accustomed to see a good deal of fun derived from a reluctant motor engine, but I do not think the joke has been played quite so richly before. Mr. Wakefield and Miss Lorne, with their excellent fooling, provoke laughter that is almost hysterical in its noisiness. As it happens, the job of following the cab in front becomes entirely out of the question because Lord Trent, as the changeling cabby, is obliged to admit that he has never even seen the thing. But an obliging newsboy volunteers the useful information that he overheard the destination of the cab in front. It was—No. 77, Park Lane.

LORD TRENT finds the news unusually interesting. That is his Town house, and as far as he knows it is unoccupied. The next scene therefore shows us his lordship and Miss Sophie Rye at the door of the house ringing for admittance. There is no reply to their summons, and they are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that they have been sent on a fool's errand, as the front of the house is darkened and there is no sign of life about it anywhere. As they step back to reconnoitre the position three or four fashionably dressed people walk up the steps and ring the bell confidently. The door is at once opened to them, and then noiselessly closed behind them. Encouraged by the success of these perfect strangers Lord Trent has another try at the bell, and again receives no reply. Then more people arrive and are at once admitted, and Miss Rye gets a little apprehensive. She is afraid she is beginning to "see things."

AFTER a few more tries at the bell, Lord Trent hits on the right combination, as it were, and he and Miss Rye are shown into the library, and received by a distinguished-looking butler as honoured guests of the house. Having made a brief survey of the position, Lord Trent's natural impulse is to call the police inside and invite an explanation from the trespassers on his property. But it is clear then that Miss Rye knows more about the mystery than she is willing to admit. She pleads with Lord Trent that he will stay in the house and thus avoid a "scene"; and she then produces a dice-box and makes the sporting offer to throw for the next move. If she wins, Lord Trent stays. As it happens, the dice are very obviously loaded, and Miss Lorne's desperate efforts to juggle with them surreptitiously are quite extraordinarily funny, especially as her clumsy deception proves to be entirely in vain.

STILL, Lord Trent decides that he may as well stay and see the thing through. He is out for adventure, and adventure comes with the force and swiftness of a torrent. He first learns that his house is being used as a gambling hell, and he has hardly had time to digest this discovery when he learns that a man who was caught cheating has been shot at sight. Everybody is promptly requested to carry on as usual while the manager and his staff remove the body as quickly as possible, but matters have become too serious to be hushed up like that. The evidence for and against the man accused of shooting is most ingeniously presented, and supplies a quite admirable thrill. In due course there is a police raid, and in searching the premises the police have come across a still warm corpse in the basement. That sort of thing has, of course, to be accounted for, because even residents in Park Lane cannot be allowed to have freshly made corpses in their cellars.

MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD sails through the part of Lord Trent with a nice, playful humour that is well sustained throughout, and he is most ably seconded by Miss Marion Lorne, who manages to get a laugh even in the rare moments when her dialogue is merely commonplace. It is Lord Trent who, by an ingenious ruse, puts the police on the track of the real murderer, and though the evidence against the accused is piled up rather quickly at the end, we feel that he deserves what is coming to him, as people really must not be permitted to murder their fellow guests at card-parties with impunity. *77, Park Lane* is certainly one of the most delightful entertainments at present in Town.

JINGLE.

FIRST ACTRESS: "When I went on the audience sat there simply open-mouthed."

SECOND ACTRESS: "Oh, nonsense, darling! You can't expect me to believe that they all yawned at once!"

THE INTERVAL NUISANCE: "So sorry to have to trouble you again."

THE VICTIM: "That's all right My husband leases the bars at this theatre."

Violet Loraine's "Come-Back"

Stage Photo Co.

VIOLET LORAINE, FRANK VOSPER AND CECIL PARKER IN A SCENE FROM "CLARA GIBBINGS" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

Time has robbed Violet Loraine of none of her inimitable charm, and the skill with which she handles the part of the Cockney in the new play at the Vaudeville is as great as ever. At her "come-back," after seven years absence, the "Bing Girl" received an almost royal reception from a sympathetic and delighted house

Sasha

By Jack Greenall

"Have you seen the Jazzbys lately, Mrs. Healby?"
"Oh, yes. They dined with us only four cooks ago!"

if...

SOMEBODY rang us up the other day and wanted to know if we could suggest a nice, amiable chaperone to accompany them to Spain. We thought of Lord Carisbrooke, Olga Lynn, General Primo de Rivera, and Mistinguette. But none was accepted.

"Then what about Mrs. Bradley Dyne?"

"Frankly," they said, "you're not much use."

Well, well, perhaps we should have suggested Mrs. Dyne's butler. He must be the finest chaperone on the London market. At the time when Aminta was having some trouble in the Law Courts he had to keep the Press at bay. Packs of reporters besieged the house all day, and if they wouldn't leave peaceably they were discarded forcibly. We think it was one of Lord Beaverbrook's young men who succeeded in remaining in the house more than five minutes. "Don't throw me out," he pleaded. "I've just done a couple of flights down a Mount Street house, and I've left my parachute in the office."

THIS YEAR OF

Gracie Fields busily rehearsing Rosetta Duncan's the rôle at very short notice when the latter was Miss Fields has given her services free to save the nightly by her vast

gossip we must...

LORD BIRKENHEAD took a couple of days off from the typewriter and his many new board rooms on his way up to Aberdeen, where he delivered that most excellent address to the youth of the University as their newly elected Rector; but though he reminded them of the vital ingredients of success, courage, fortitude and industry, he omitted to include a sense of humour. Maybe he thought that was asking too much of the national temperament. But during those two days of leisure he was at Oxford with his son, Lord Furneaux, who, no doubt, will tread a distinguished future in the footsteps of his famous father. The last official visit that Lord Birkenhead paid to Oxford was—though we are always open to contradictions—when he spoke at the Oxford Union, of which he was once president. After his speech an undergraduate rose and told a story of how when Lord Birkenhead and Sir John Simon were up at Oxford together they tossed up as to which political party they would join, feeling that neither would be big enough to hold the two. When the young man sat down Lord Birkenhead rose and angrily denied the story, which he characterised as a childish and stupid invention. Sir John Simon was in Oxford a week or so later and was asked if the story were true. Sir John undoubtedly has a sense of humour. He said: "It couldn't have been, because neither Lord Birkenhead nor I had a penny between us."

Photo Express

GRACIE FIELDS

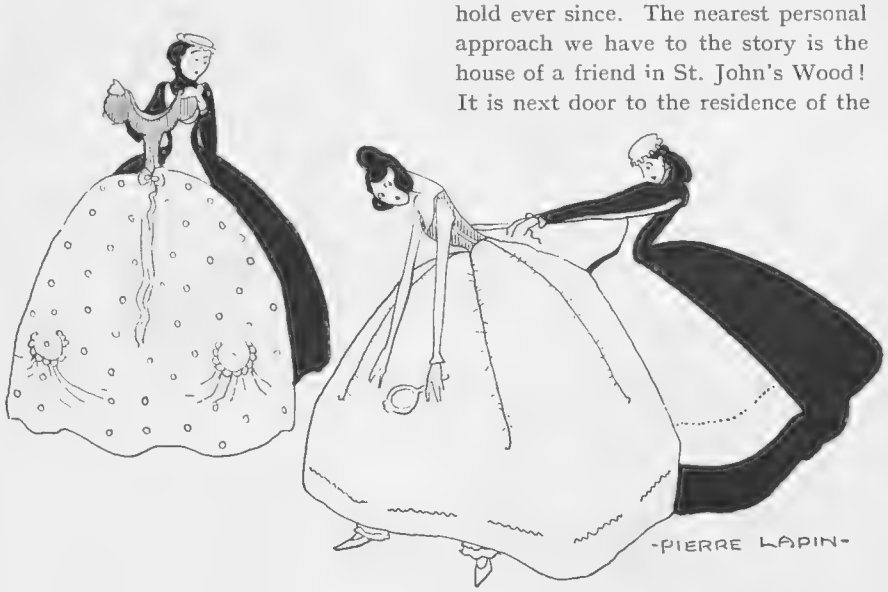
part of Topsy at the Gaiety, where she took up taken ill. Although earning an enormous salary, show, and the result is that the Gaiety is packed army of admirers

SO that famous partnership, the Ruthven twins—they like it better if you pronounced it "Rivven"—is to be broken up on the marriage of the senior, or maybe Alison is the junior, partner. They have stage-managed things so long in unison we always thought they'd make the aisle-land voyage together. However, we were wrong. No doubt they find that some things are better done alone. Once upon a time they were mannequins, and so alike are they the shop never knew which one of them it was paraded for the show. We suppose they won't be able to rely on that jolly arrangement any more.

"SHE was the only girl in the world—for about six weeks."

MONSIEUR MAURICE ROSTAND'S little four-act joke, *Napoléon IV*, is still running at a gallop at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris. Only neither the author nor his audiences see anything funny in the accusations against us and Queen Victoria; they appear only to see the truth! We were there a week or so ago, and were almost blown out of our seat by the roars of applause at Monsieur Maurice's anæmic epigrams at the expense of English "Imperialism." And when somebody said, "*Méfiez vous de la bonte anglaise,*" the uproar was such we thought our watch had stopped and it must be 1815 instead of 1928.

TO bring the story of the Prince Imperial out of the quixotic fancy of Monsieur Maurice into historical fact there is a distinguished gentleman in London to-day who was a fellow-campaigner of the Prince's during that little trouble with the Zulus. Then he was Lieutenant Arthur Bigge. To-day he is Lord Stamfordham, Private Secretary to the King, a post that he filled both for King Edward and Queen Victoria, for it was his friendship with the young Prince that, after his tragic death, brought him into natural contact with the Empress Eugénie. She presented him to Queen Victoria, and he has remained in the Royal Household ever since. The nearest personal approach we have to the story is the house of a friend in St. John's Wood! It is next door to the residence of the



A SEA BELLE

Eileen Smith, who is one of the attractive young people who dance in "The Song of the Sea," the musical play now running on a flowing tide of success at His Majesty's

late Emperor's, Napoleon III, father of the Prince Imperial.

VERY nearly we didn't arrive at all. There was a solid scrum of shirt-fronts and shingle and evening cloak between us and the stalls. Putting the head down and taking a nice deep breath we dived, only to find we were threatening Mr. Selfridge with direct torpedo action. From elephants to orchids, we thought Mr. Selfridge could sell anything in the world, but he couldn't sell the pass through this throng. Just as we were giving up hope we thought we overheard Ethel Levey telling her friends the story of her "come-back." That, we thought, should draw the crowd and give us a path. But we were mistaken, or her friends had heard the story before, because we still stood still. In the end we just pretended we were a dramatic critic and arrived late.

YOU have guessed, of course. It was the night of our Violet's return. The Vaudeville throbbed with excitement from stem to stern, from stage door to stalls. The audience was much more nervous for Vi's chances than Vi was for herself. Like a nervous two-year-old at the starting gate, her husband, Mr. Edward Joicey, paced anxiously up and down at the back of the stalls before Violet appeared. Well, husbands must do something these days. We can't let the wives have it all their own way.

FOR us it had been a choice between the Violet at the Vaudeville or Jackie Coogan at the Palladium, and, of course, having English drama at heart, like our esteemed contemporary, "The Hannen Swaffer," we didn't hesitate. We gather, however, that he went to the Coogan, and we can only think he must have been got at by Mr. Coolidge. At the time of going to press we are given to understand that neither Mr. Baldwin nor Mr. Ivor Novello has taken any action on our theatre's behalf.

BUT it is lovely to have Violet Loraine with us once again. There she is in her red frock and hat with that infectiously funny "pint-analfbitterpleasmiss" Cockney that made banalities seem epigrams, and made us beat our hands together with the enthusiasm of Bing Boy days and the Alhambra before she gave up the stage for the marri-age. Do not let us say anything of the play, it might interfere with the applause. This time it happens that the play's not the thing, it's just Violet.

SEEING a lot of charabancs outside the Café Anglais a little later in the evening we felt sure there must be some distinguished faces inside. And sure enough we came upon the jolliest of fellows—Daisy, or, if you must, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, looking almost as fascinating in electric light as she used to in sunshine at the Cap d'Antibes this summer. And there were Lord Chaplin and Lady Cynthia Mosley, though it might well have been her Metcalfe sister, they're so alike, and the little "hits" and the big "hits" of the theatrical world sitting around talking hard about themselves and thinking still harder things about each other. After which we could sit down and listen to Rex Evans singing in innuendoes that should suffer any cheek to dispense with rouge. We think they keep the lights low at the Café Anglais in case a young blush should ever come in by mistake.

By Wilson Fenning

"I'm in half mourning"
"Somebody you know half-dead?"

London Nights: At the Café Anglais

BY E. S. HYNES

The conspicuous young gentleman in the light spectacles in the above picture is Rex Evans, who is the big noise—in more senses than one—at the Café Anglais, where his songs at the piano are an outstanding success. M. Poulsen, the presiding genius here, is seen standing at his left, whilst M. Poulsen's co-directors, Capt. Robin Humphries and Mrs. Humphries, are seen facing each other behind Rex's right elbow. In the left foreground Audrey Carten, Tallulah Bankhead, and Gwen Farrar are seen supping with A. N. Other, whilst the right-hand table is graced by Laddie Cliff and his wife, Phyllis Monkman

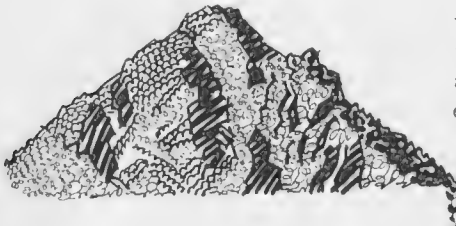
The Other South

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrations by BUD PERMANT

"A dancing, shimmering sea"

"*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées,*" said Louis Quatorze in one of his more expansive moments. If the *grand monarque's* little epigram had ever had any significance in fact (which it never had) there would have been much cause for sorrow. Robbed of his Pyrénées, what would the poor Southern holiday-maker do then, poor thing? For some, there are no glories but the blue and golden glories of the Côte d'Azur, or (if they love mountains) no hill-tops but the glimmering peaks of the Oberland. They are within their rights. I would not, for the world, depreciate the smallest pine-cone of Juan's scented woods or speak with disrespect of that white lady, the Jungfrau. We are, I assure you, old friends. But the gifts of the gods are many, and in this wonderful world there are other coasts and other mountains.



"Combining a massive strength with a certain air of mystery"

CONSIDER mountains. The Pyrénées have neither the gleaming majesty of the Alps nor the wild romance (say) of the Scottish Highlands, but they have a character all their own, combining a massive strength with a certain air of mystery. Seen from the terraced boulevard of Pau, they are rugged, forthright, sturdy. Glimpsed at sunset from the jutting rocks of the Silver Coast, they have all the elusive charm, all the haunting sadness conveyed by that most magical of English lines:—

"*Over the hills and far away . . .*"

MOUNTAINS and cities . . . In this other South you will find romance, beauty and colour. Wherever you wander in Nîmes and Arles you breathe the spirit of an age more colourful and more heroic. And if we trace the light footsteps of Romance in every town and village of this glowing Southern land, where shall we find her abiding-place? Nowhere else but in Carcassonne. The very word is a trumpet-call, played by a mediæval herald in a gay tabard. The poet's pen falters with the very rush of words, the wealth of images that city involves; of knights in gleaming armour, of ladies in silken gowns, of cloud-capped towers, of proudly caparisoned war-horses clattering across the cobbled courtyard, of sunlight gleaming upon a forest of spears, of ladies' favours and plumed helms and banners floating like woodland broideries in autumn . . . All these things the poet sees when he stands beneath those grey walls. All through the warm South the spirit of Romance wanders, but her home is in Carcassonne.

"The old fishing port"

WOULD you seek health and vigour among the mountains? Then go to Luchon with its planes and limes, with its health-giving baths, where once (they say) the Cæsars laved their august (and dusty) limbs; or to Cauterets, romantically cupped in a little valley among the mountains, where the healing springs give new vigour to the invalid, and where, in winter, you can ski and skate as gaily as at Grindelwald, a thousand miles away. And go (if you want a blend of old and new) to Pau, with its steep streets and grey old keep, its quaint market and its modern villas, and most of all its sweeping terrace,

(*Continued on page 461*)

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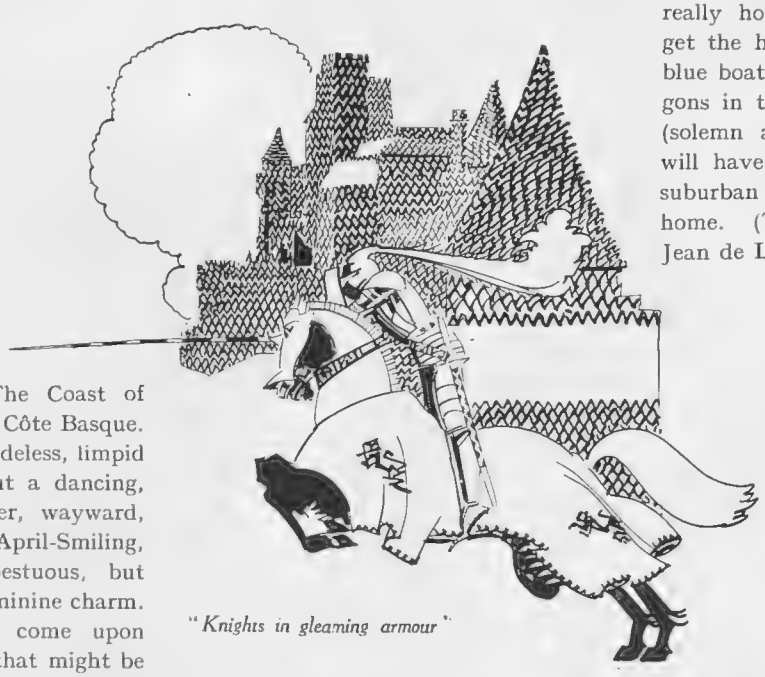
(Continued from page 456)

which gazes out over pleasant river valley towards the rugged mountain slopes. It was on this terrace that a poet of my acquaintance fell a-dreaming in the sunshine, and saw a vision of Henry of Navarre, prancing destrier, white plume, long nose, and all. To this day my friend will swear he heard the trumpet of Navarre and saw the Béarnais come clattering up the steep street at Pau.



"Knights in gleaming armour"

AND there is (as I have told you) another coast . . . The Coast of Silver and her sister, the Côte Basque. There you will find no tideless, limpid blue of Lotus Land, but a dancing, shimmering sea of silver, wayward, elusive, sometimes April-Smiling, sometimes wildly tempestuous, but always with a subtle, feminine charm. Unexpectedly you will come upon some little cove or bay that might be a corner of the Cornish coast, more brightly tinted, perhaps, but unmistakably reminiscent of Cornwall. In such a cove you might expect to hear, in the murmur of the waves, some faint echo of the lilting music of the Helston Furry.

YOU will not need to be told of Biarritz, once the home of a tragic Empress, at whose palace gates I have seen men in hunting scarlet and heard the music of the hounds. You will know the great Casino and the gay night-clubs. You have wandered (I make no doubt) along the broad promenade, by the queer jig-saw of the old fishing port, by winding walks fringed by feathery tamarisks. And (I hope) you have seen the white sea horses of angry Biscay surging and galloping in vain against the Virgin's Rock

AT St. Jean de Luz you will touch upon the romance of the Basque country, a little land apart, strong in the vigour of old custom and tradition. You will admire (I promise you) the architecture of the villas at St. Jean de Luz; the pleasant promenade where King Edward once walked, the old harbour where—most romantic sight—I have seen the fishing boats unload their gleaming, silvery cargoes by moonlight. You will see the Basques, a reserved and sturdy people, admiring (I trust) their fine features, strong physique and picturesque costumes. You will see their national game, the *pelota*, and wonder if a really hot fives player could not get the hang of it. You will see blue boats in the bay and ox-waggons in the cobbled streets. And (solemn and awful thought) you will have traced the *béret* of the suburban motorist to its spiritual home. (There still stands in St. Jean de Luz a shop where, heaven pardon me, I bought a *béret* myself. In extenuation I plead: (1) that it was plain and black, (2) that it bore no tassel, (3) that I lost it on the boat coming home, (4) and that the man in the shop swore to me that the Prince of Wales had bought its own brother the day before. Am I forgiven?)

SHEDDING a tear over my lapse, you will motor over for your morning round of golf at Nivelle, drinking the wine of the country at its clubhouse, a Basque villa, fascinating in its line and colour. Or you may take a yellow tram southwards—give me a tramcar for romance—and go bucketing along that silvery coast, past the fairy chalet of Haiçabia, towards Hendaye of the tamarisks, towards Fontarabia and Irun. And so, round the bastions of the purple hills, into Sunny Spain. Whither you go, that other South is calling. . . .

A. A. T.

AT A SOUTHERN GOLF CLUB

A view taken on the terrace of the beautiful clubhouse of the Chiberta Golf Club. This attractive course, near Biarritz, has been laid out by Mr. T. Simpson, and its position between the forest and the sea makes it one of the most beautiful and interesting courses in Europe

YOUTH WILL BE SWERVED

If Roland Foxwell had not been so young he would not have taken the flirtation so seriously; and if Lydia Kerslake had not been—well, not so young, she would never have encouraged him. Experience had taught her exactly how far she could allow her young man of the moment to go before reminding him with tears in her eyes and a catch in her voice that, "Darling, we must be brave. It is not of myself I am thinking, but of you. You must not sacrifice your career, your glorious youth, for the sake of an old married woman."

Lately, however, Lydia had fancied that her remarks on the question of age were being received with a hardly flattering acquiescence, whilst the last victim but one had agreed so readily that the "parting of the ways" was reached that she could have boxed his ears. She resisted the temptation, however, and, having dismissed him with the slow, sad smile which she reserved specially for such occasions, spent an anxious quarter of an hour with her mirror. It was borne home upon her with unpleasant clarity that the monster of Middle-Age was approaching perilously near and, unless she surrendered without a struggle, now was the time and now the hour to practise what she had so assiduously preached.

Having at last made up her mind and her face, she strolled down to the drawing-room. To her surprise and annoyance she found Bill installed in an armchair puffing at a particularly foul pipe. In her present frame of mind the last person in the world she wished to meet was a heavy, unimaginative ox of a husband, and here he was, lolling about the drawing-room—*her* drawing-room—as though he was in the tap-room of one of those beastly inns in his beloved hunting country.

"Really, Bill, this is an unexpected honour! Fancy condescending to grace *this* room with your presence!"

"Sorry for the intrusion. Fact is, I wanted to see you rather particularly, so I barged in here. Knew you'd be bound to show up sooner or later."

"If you wanted to see me, why in heaven's name didn't you come up to my bedroom?"

"My dear girl! What a question! That French maid of yours would probably have given notice on the spot if I had perpetrated so gross a conventionality."

"Really, Bill! Your attempts at bright repartee are painfully heavy. Can't you talk intelligently about anything except your everlasting hunting!"

"That's the trouble with us," her husband retorted cheerfully; "I live in an atmosphere of Handley Cross, whilst you—whilst you live in an atmosphere of Victoria Cross!"

"I don't suppose you came here to enlarge on the fact that we are unsuited to each other temperamentally."

"Good Lord, no!" The idea of discussing anything of an abstract nature with his wife seemed to tickle Bill Kerslake enormously. "I just blew in to tell you that O'Connor has asked me to put in a fortnight's hunting with the Blazers, so I'm just off to Galway."

"You can go to hell for all I care!" Lydia flung at him. "You think about nothing but your rotten hunting and polo. Nothing fine or artistic or beautiful has any interest for you!"

"That's a question of comparatives."

"Don't be idiotic! Horses—dogs—foxes—game! Why, you live among and live for animals so much that you've got the soul of a beast!"

Bill Kerslake sighed and rose to his feet.

"Well, even if I have—and I don't admit it—that, to my mind, is better than having the beast of a soul." He crossed the room and opened the door leading to his own sanctum.

"Anything else before I go?" he asked. "All right for money and all that sort of thing?"

Lydia blazed up at him at once.

"Money? What's money?"

"Nothing—as long as you've got all you need! Well, so long, old girl. Give my love to the *crêche*."

At Lady Chawner's dance that night Lydia played her cards well. Roland Foxwell was, like most young men, impressionable, and he was therefore soon under the spell cast by one who was an adept at the gentle art of appropriating the youth of the nation as and when the occasion demanded. Because young Foxwell allowed himself to be overcome by Lydia's wiles it must not be imagined that he was particularly weak-willed. Indeed, as befitted a young man who had already made quite a name for himself as a portrait-painter, despite the handicap of an income large enough to make most men slothful, he knew what he wanted. His mistake lay in the fact that, under the influence of that lady's charms plus his hostess's old brandy he decided that he wanted Lydia and wanted her badly. Thus it came about that before he left in the small hours of the morning Master Roland found himself definitely committed to a three weeks' holiday on the Riviera, the holiday to be spent *à deux*.

Before the glamour had time to evaporate the enterprising Lydia had whisked him off to the Côte d'Azur, leaving behind a carefully laid train of rumour for the delectation of her female acquaintances. When one has at last brought off a *grande amour* it would be nothing short of disastrous if one's dearest friends were robbed of their pound of scandal.

Bill Kerslake returned from his hunting in Ireland to find a note waiting for him.

"Sickened and starved by your indifference, I have turned to another who can give me that wonderful love for which my soul yearns. Thanks to your harsh treatment the bird has flown to another nest, there to find soul happiness and—forgetfulness.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"The amused glances of the other diners had proved the worst ordeal of an adventure"

By

MANVILLE KEITH

Illustration by HOOKWAY COWLES

Entreaties are in vain. Never again will I return to you and pursuit will be useless.—LYDIA."

He dropped into a chair and gazed in utter amazement at the letter. Then, bursting into a roar of laughter, he slapped his knee.

"Good lord!" he gasped. "What a note! The *cliché* queen in action. Why, she must have dieted exclusively on penny novelettes for years! Wonder who the wretched victim is? Well, he's brought it on himself, poor devil!"

Still chuckling, he rang the bell for Shaw, and when the butler appeared demanded a few details, which that worthy supplied with a gusto that belied the solemnity of his appearance. When he heard who the man was, however, the matter took on a different complexion. Dismissing the servant with a curt word of thanks, he settled down to a little hard thinking. Young Foxwell's father and he had been friends for many years, hunted together, dined and wined together; and now that old Charles had handed in his check it was up to him to see that his youngster did not make an unholy ass of himself and ruin his life. And if he knew his Lydia correctly, nothing seemed more probable. Two days later Bill Kerslake, putting thoughts of hunting sternly behind, left for Nice, a plan of campaign already formulated.

THE restaurant manager of the Palatial was profuse in his apologies, but he was afraid it really could not be helped. Madame and Monsieur would understand, he was sure. The hotel had become so full that it was impossible to seat every one exactly as he would like. In the circumstances he must ask their indulgence and seat a new arrival at their table.

"Darling, I suppose we must let the naughty man spoil our meals." Lydia, clinging tightly to Roland's arm, gazed up at him with big eyes.

The latter, suppressing a shudder, nodded. Being young and inexperienced, he cursed himself for an unchivalrous cad for feeling like that towards a woman who had sacrificed so much for him. It was, however, with a sense of relief that he heard that they were no longer to dine *à deux*. These meals with Lydia simpering and fawning over him, in complete disregard of the amused glances of the other diners, had proved the worst ordeal of an adventure which he was now realising all too late consisted almost entirely of trying ordeals.

With a murmur of thanks the manager departed, to return the next moment with the new arrival. With a cheerful nod Bill Kerslake sat down and grinned across the table at his erring wife and her embarrassed escort.

(*Continued on page 482*)

Week-end Energies: Big Rugby—Oxford

AT THE RECTORY FIELD *G.P.U.*

R. W. Smeddle, of Cambridge, photographed in the act of passing the ball to C. D. Aarvold, the Cambridge captain, during the Varsity's game against Blackheath. "The Club" were beaten at home to the tune of 26 points to 8, and a feature of the game was the brilliant passing of Aarvold and Smeddle

THE OXFORD CAPTAIN

A. S. Bradshaw, the Oxford Brownlow (Addington) before Addington and Oxford

GETTING IT AWAY *Topical*

A photograph of an incident in the Cambridge *v.* Blackheath game at the Rectory Field. G. S. Conway, the Blackheath forward, has made one of his famous rushes, but the Cambridge player manages to get the ball away in time

"COMING THROUGH

A. S. Bradshaw taking a "woods and between Oxford and Addington. In the well-known amateur, a hard fight. side won the foursomes by four matches won the Singles by

University Golf—Whaddon Chase Jumping

AT ADDINGTON *Photo Illus.*

golf skipper, with the Hon. W. G. the recent match between University at Addington

THE RYE" *Photo Illus.*

forests" course during the match the Singles he gave T. A. Torrance, being only beaten by 2 holes. The home to one, with one game halved, and ix matches to five

'FALL, FORWARDS, FALL!" *Sport and General*

A photograph of a forward rush by Oxford in their recent game against the Harlequins at Twickenham, won by the 'Quins by 10 points to 6. W. W. Wakefield (left) can be seen exhorting his pack to fall on the ball and stop the rush—a most unpleasant task

A FINE "LEP" *Sport and General*

Mrs. Abrahams photographed taking a jump on Napoleon during the Whaddon Chase Hunter Trials held recently at Tatterhoe Farm, Bletchley, Bucks. Lord Dalmeny is Master of the Whaddon

PARIS GOSSIP

PARTIES, PARTIS & PARTERRES

By JAY MARTIN

By Norman Kay

"In walked Sorel, in one hand a tall cane, in the other a bouquet of Parma violets"

PARIS, in November, seems to throb with a weird expectancy. People are coming back to Town; some of them moving into new apartments, and hanging up a picture of "Hope," where the telephone may be, perhaps. This week seems to be mostly art exhibitions, following which one calms down or livens up at cocktail parties; after a few "samples," if you are good boys and girls, you are liable, all of you, to be asked to stay to dinner, "dressed just as you are."

FEELING quite methodical this morning, I will start in to tell you all about Exhibit A. I mean Art. And I will add right here that I have not been to the Salon d'Automne. I took one look at the crowds going into the Grand Palais, the day of the *vernissage,* and decided that I like my colour pure, and have no intention of coming out of an art exhibition black and blue. It is very dangerous, anyhow, to go to the Salon unless you have an enormous amount of tact. After the Spring salon I dined at Larry Hamilton's, who is an official of the Paris branch of the Sons of the American Revolution, but is very peaceful about it. One of the guests asked me what I thought of the Salon. I said "Terrible!" You can imagine my embarrassment when four other people at the table said: "What! Didn't you see *my* picture?" Because practically every Englishman or American in Paris seems to be an interior decorator, while every Frenchman or woman does a little odd painting on the side.

THIS year, I have been told, all the great new masters are together in one room: Marquet, Laprade, de Segonzac, Othon Friesz, Zak, André Lhote, and some of the older ones, like Cezanne and Gaugin. But as I do not expect to be, please God, for many years to come, at any dinner parties with Cezanne or Gaugin, if I do say, "This year's Salon is terrible," Gaugin will not say to me, while the Bridge tables are being brought out: "What! You don't like that little Tahiti *paysage* of mine? Then you don't know your Souse Seas!"

EVERY Salon is filled with pictures by every man or woman who gave his or her child a box of paints last Christmas, then took them back, and squeezed out paint this summer all over Brittany. Or works of art by all the English, American, Swedish or Spanish art students in Paris, who write home that he has had a "picture hung," so his parents will allow him to stay on another year. And Papa sends his child a cheque to continue his studies; and the young painter will thereupon go right out to buy a Citroën, and sell it next summer to buy another box of paints.

THE PRINCESSE LUCIEN MURAT, born a Rohan-Chabot, is back from Constantinople. I saw her the other day at her house in the Boulevard des Invalides, which belonged to her father, the Duc de Rohan. Besides being on the jury of the Prix Femina de la Vie Heureuse, which gives a prize for the best book of the year, she is writing "La Vie Amoureuse de Christine de Suède," and for children a book on Lafayette. This book will be illustrated by Halicka, who is to give an exhibition in London around Christmas time at the Alex Lefevre Galleries in King Street, St. James's.

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM was in Town for two days on an official mission. Pierre de Fouquières, the Chef de Protocol, and Phillipe Berthelot, of the Quai d'Orsay, were assigned as his escort and committee of entertainment. They were raving on to the Prince about the charms of a certain young actress. Suddenly he grew impatient, and said coldly: "I will be pleased to make the acquaintance of

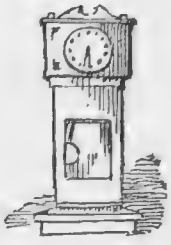
(*Continued on page 468*)

(To be read aloud slowly and deliberately)

READING WITHOUT TEARS

The Worthington English Primer

Pa-pa



Clock

Worth-ing-ton

"Pa-pa has just gone out."

"Why has Pa-pa gone out?"

"He said some-thing about a Thirst."

"What is the time?"

"Half an hour af-ter six o'clock."

"Then I think we might slip ov-er and join Pa-pa in a cou-ple of Worth-ing-tons, don't you?"

"True, Brother, True."

PARIS GOSSIP

(Continued from page 466)

Topical

A camera study of that attractive and nimble dancer, Valentine Sayton. She is appearing at the Casino de Paris, where her Terpsichorean energy is appreciated to its full

Mademoiselle X on my next visit to Paris, when the Princess Astrid will accompany me." The two older men, I hear have worn a very pained and chastened look ever since . . .

SPEAKING of young Royalties, Society is all agog and atwitter over the engagement of the Princesse Françoise, daughter of the Duc de Guise, to Prince Christopher of Greece. Now, the Princess is very young and good-looking, and while the Prince Christopher is an attractive man, he is many years her senior, and widower of Mrs. Leeds. But the fact that he is an exiled royalty makes the reason for the marriage quite clear: no matter what other member of a royal house she might marry, the Princesse Françoise would have to live in the country of her husband. The Duc de Guise, being the French Pretender, cannot live in France, although the family is at liberty to come here whenever they wish.

THE Duchesse, on her visits, frequently gives large receptions to Royalist sympathisers all over the country. Naturally, when the Princesse Françoise, who is very popular, marries an exiled Greek subject, she can settle permanently in France, and if that will not be good propaganda nothing could be. Last year, when her sister, the Princesse Anne, became engaged to the Duc de Puglia, all the midinettes from Worth who worked on her trousseau were invited to the house of the Queen Mother of Portugal, where Princesse Anne was staying, and each girl presented with a gift. And when the marriage took place in Naples the *vendeuse* and fitter who had looked after the Princesse were invited to the wedding, with all their expenses paid.

CECILE SOREL, Comtesse de Segur, premier comedienne at the Comedie Française (where the French is *so* good, and we get *so* bored), had some friends in to lunch the other day. They were told that their hostess would be right down, and they sat and sat. Oh, they sat for about twenty minutes. Suddenly three loud thumps were heard, and the guests blinked, thinking that they were at the theatre, and that the curtain was about to rise. Then the door opened, and in walked Sorel, in one hand a tall cane, in the other a bouquet of Parma violets. Her friends just barely stopped applauding, not only at the entrance, but for the fact that they had waited long enough for lunch.

IF you like old maps and globes and ship models, there is a shop in the Rue de Colisée that specialises in these things. It is called " Mercator," named after the scientist who gave to the world Mercator's Projection. This shop is owned by an American woman. In the window she had placed a portrait of Mercator. And into the shop there walked, the other day, what looked to be a customer. She said: " I admire that portrait of your ancestor so much. Is it for sale? " " What ancestor? " asked the mystified dealer. " Why, that old painting labelled ' Mercator.' Aren't you Mrs. Mercator? "—J. M.

"Practically every Englishman or American in Paris seems to be an interior decorator"

Bath Luxuries by Houbigant

The new series of toilet requisites includes Soap, Talcum and Bath Salts, artistically designed. The "Mosaïc" pattern suggests the crystal ripple of fountains and bubbling brooks.

It fits in harmoniously with dressing room and bathing-room decorations.

These carefully selected toiletries are not only a delight to possess, but their use is most beneficial to the skin.

Their quality is that of all Houbigant creations; they are worthy of the renown of this well-known firm.

The Soap (large size) 1/6. — The box of Talcum with powder puff 5/. — The box of strongly-scented Bath Salts (Quelques Fleurs perfume, etc.) : 2/3.

Each of these preparations is sold separately.

HOUBIGANT

Maker of Perfumes since 1775

PARIS

A RUGGER REVERIE

"COME ON 'THE CLUB'!"

By PENDARVES

THIS, you must understand, is not one of the many hundreds of Rugger clubs playing a game of footer on a Saturday afternoon somewhere. No. This is "*The Club.*" You can call it "Blackheath" if you like: there is no actual objection. You can, if you are the sort of person who comes from The Elephant and Castle, and is tolerated on the ground irksomely, refer to them as "Blackheathens," thereby stamping yourself as beyond the pale. But if you are of the elect; if you are a player, a helofablood in one of the two first Fifteens, or even a subdued member of the Extra "B" Fifteen; if you are in possession of a little black and red season ticket, and arrive at the Rectory Field carrying a plaid rug over your left arm, this to you is THE CLUB; and you have little knowledge of, and no interest in, any other club whatsoever.

LOOKING AFTER HIM G.P.U.

A Cambridge player photographed being well nursed by two Blackheath men during the recent game between Cambridge and Blackheath at the Rectory Field. The home side were badly beaten by the Varsity, though they were handicapped early in the game by the loss of their wing-threequarter, Sir Thomas Devitt

THIS club has manufactured one of the pillars of the game we all love so much. It has been a club since 1860. No fewer than one hundred and fifty of its members have at various times played for the country that gave them birth. It is immortalised by names such as C. N. Lowe, H. H. Vassall, S. M. J. Woods, B. S. Cumberlege, T. H. Vile and A. T. Young. Those names alone, although there are others as inspiring, are quite enough to make the plaid shawl owner in the perfect-fitting spats, living in the comfortable Georgian house just off the wind-swept common, feel a comfortable pride of membership flooding his mind when a knot of red and black fellows trot out of their pavilion at 2.45 p.m. *pre*cisely. Dammit, there are members here to-day (they came in a closed car and they walk up the stand steps very rheumily) who remember distinctly that match in the season of 1876-7 against Richmond, "We had all the better of the game and were an obviously superior side," on Blackheath Common, when the spectators became so troublesome by encroaching on the field of play, "'Stiffs' I believe the modern word is—all from the town of Richmond, of course," that the Common had thereafter to be abandoned by gentlemen as a venue, and Richardson's field was acquired. And then, in 1882, some dreadful people wanted it for *building* purposes—imagine! And so the Rectory Field came into its own; and twelve International matches have since been played on it, giving it the required "atmosphere"; which they have got, of course, on the Athletic Ground at Richmond—though it is not the same thing, "because you see we . . ."

I FEEL I am verily bang in the midst of Rugger at its best when I lean on the Press table here on a big day and imbibe it all. It is a family affair. The Club are about to perform—"Come on Club!" To-day, for example, although our other First Fifteen (not in any way to be confused with anything in the nature of an "A" team, dear me, no) is coping with Manchester up in Lancashire, we here are able, with no effort at all, to put the little star against the names of seven of our fellows, which signifies "an International": it would have been eight, only Jacob couldn't turn out—so you see . . . ?

I SEE. And I am duly impressed. But I see also a Cambridge University Fifteen in the making, almost representative of the Twickenham side, to appear on the 11th prox. And this team proceeds to make beautiful, wide, clearly marked rings round the Club—in spite of the seven Caps. It is very distressing. Partisan Blackheathens—I beg pardon, Club members—said in explanatory tones, speaking as masters to me, a pupil, that you can't expect "us" to do much when we lose Tommy Devitt in the first five minutes with a broken arm. His real name is Sir Thomas Devitt, Bart. (he has got one of those nice little stars), but of course he is "Tommy" Devitt to us, naturally.

QUITE. And when a wing threequarter, who got his cap for his pace, has to retire and is replaced by a wing forward who hasn't got the requisite pace, and is evidently bored to death with his unwonted job, the trouble begins. It was like a ten rounds contest in the ring. When a man's eye is cut his brainy opponent goes on jabbing at it viciously. So with Aarvold, the Cambridge skipper, and Smeddle, the Cambridge wing three. They continued to jab viciously at this eye-cut corner of the field; to the end that Haydon the Unhappy had a perfect holocaust of an afternoon.

TWENTY-SIX points to a measly eight did the Club eventually have chalked up against it. But members bore their ignominy with true County phlegm. People have been beating them, you see, since 1860, occasionally. "And we know how to lose, sir." Many of those hardened supporters went back to the Georgian tea and the Blackheath buttered buns convinced that Cambridge must be the side to back for large sums of money. Because a side that can beat the Club as convincingly as this one did—well, I mean to say . . .

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Radio reception at its very best *and* gramophone music from which all sense of artificiality has been removed — reproduced with extraordinary fidelity and clarity on the largest type of Amplion "Lion" Speaker . . . a Speaker which has revolutionised Radio reproduction. *In Oak £58 12 6. In Mahogany £63 12 6.* (*Including Royalties.*)

CATALOGUES FROM GRAHAM AMPLION LIMITED: 25/26, SAVILE ROW, LONDON, W.1 WORKS: SLOUGH. ®

Topical

Vicomte de Sibour (right) saying good-bye to Sir Philip Sassoon prior to his departure from Heliopolis to Aboukir on the flight round the world which he and his bride are making. His wife is the daughter of Mr. Gordon Selfridge

"RAILWAYS IN THE AIR"

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

THE explanation of the heading, quoted at the top of the page from a placard, is quite simple: the General Managers of the "Big Four," led by the Great Western, had been discussing the possibilities of air transport. Having overlooked the fact that road transport would eventually compete with the railways, they were determined that the coming of the "Air Age" would not find them similarly unprepared, so it was proposed to apply to Parliament for powers to construct air ports and operate air routes. As this is not an original suggestion, being already an accomplished fact in the United States, let us hope that the spirit of progress will continue to animate their board meetings. Rumours that Imperial Airways are about to issue air-road tickets, linking their organisation with that of the charabanc companies, serves only to increase the excitement. The time is ripe for an extension of the present Continental air services to all parts of the British Isles. In conjunction with municipal aerodromes, floating docks for seaplanes, and our excellent weather reporting system, this should be quite a simple matter if the railways and shipping companies can combine forces.

An Air Garage

Reading is proposing to supply lock-ups for private owners, with a quick refuelling service, and repair shops where all standard spares are in stock. About two miles out of the town 130 acres have been purchased by an enterprising local firm, which has already obtained the approval of the site from the Air Ministry.

Insurance Premiums with Slots

Those who anticipated a sweeping reduction on their cover notes for machines fitted with slots may have been disappointed. Slots are not intended to assist a bad pilot, but to provide a greater margin of safety in an emergency landing for those who understand their proper use. The finest training machine ever built was the old Avro, which had to be humoured at every turn. Those who learn to fly on a fool-proof machine will never become pilots in the real sense.

Speed

Sir Philip Sassoon has returned to England in the Blackburn "Iris" flying boat, after having visited all the R.A.F. depots in Egypt, the Sudan, Mesopotamia, and India during the six weeks' cruise. Although this was a flight organised by the Service, the same facilities will be available shortly to private individuals, as Imperial Airways are starting their England-India route in the spring, and in conjunction with Sir Alan Cobham's scheme to link Nairobi with London, it will be possible next year to get to India or Central Africa in eight days.

With Towel and Toothbrush to Turkistan

Only a year ago we were startled to hear that Messrs. Leete and Stack had flown their Moths to Baghdad with a banjulele. Now a young German pilot, Baron von König, has challenged their record by making his first cross-country flight from Berlin via Moscow to the Far East. His intention is to fly on until the aeroplane falls to pieces, but as it is a Klemm monoplane with a 20 h.p. Daimler engine, this is unlikely to occur unless he hits a rock, so that his progress will be followed with interest. Surely he must be included in those who have greatness thrust upon them. Successful long-distance flights across the world are achieved at present only by those who have the gifts of organisation and improvisation. Sq.-Ldr. Bert Hinkler, who is being honoured at the Savoy to-night by Sir Charles Wakefield, can attribute his success to the same qualities which have brought world-wide fame to Sir Alan Cobham and Col. Lindbergh; those of patient attention to detail, which is the secret of genius.

An Aeroplane for a Mere Song

The London Club is organising a Christmas lottery, tickets to be ten shillings each. One of their Moths with a Cirrus Mark I is in for a raffle, complete with C. of A. Should the winner be a novice he is assured of a hearty welcome and reduced fees for his initiation. The new hangar for the accommodation of club aircraft is now nearing completion, and should be ready almost immediately.

The Light Car of the Air

Production of the Gipsy Moth has now reached two a day and still De Havillands are in arrears with their orders, which speaks well for the vitality of the light 'plane market. New pupils at Stag Lane include Mr. J. Scott-Taggart, the authority on popular wireless, and Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, the racing motorist. The new Moth coupé has found instant favour amongst those who want to fly during our English winter, and its début synchronises with that of the Koolhoven three seater coupé which was demonstrated by Mr. Bramson at Croydon a few weeks ago. Although most pilots prefer a seat in the open air, passengers who are denied the thrill of the controls will appreciate the warmth and comfort of an enclosed cabin which still allows them to enjoy the scenery. Mica and talc windows are merely a temporary expedient; aeroplanes will follow motor cars by supplying non-splinterable glass as a standard fitting.

C. E. WARD.

"...NOW FOR A 'GREYS'"

Come to think of it, Greys have kept to the fore all these years without a single stunt of any kind. It seems to prove that quality is still the best argument; and 100% Pure Virginia is the best guarantee of quality any cigarette smoker can expect. Try Greys—now, and get that 100% smoke pleasure . . . . . *THEY GRATIFY!*

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THEY GRATIFY

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THE upward curve of the skirt drapery lends grace to this becoming model in 'Celanese' Georgette by Brandt. Original sleeves and a distinctive waist belt are interesting features which will appeal to the smart woman.

Now that 'Celanese' has received the stamp of Fashion's approval, well-dressed women everywhere are recognising how perfectly its texture and colour-beauty adapt themselves to the fashions of the day.

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Racing Notions By CARBINE

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LADY AYLESFORD AND HER TRAINER, MR. DIGBY

News Illus.

LADY GARIOCH WITH COL. BASIL HANBURY

Plenty to Talk About

RACING people will find themselves with plenty to talk about during the off-season. Apart from the question of the prospects of next year's classic races, which is always an interesting theme for winter discussion, some important movements in connection with the installation of the totalisator may be expected during the next few months. Sir Clement Hindley, the Chairman of the Betting Control Board, is rapidly securing a thorough grasp of the situation. While he does not intend to be unduly hurried by newspaper critics, you may be sure that this able organiser will not tolerate any unreasonable delays in bringing in the new form of betting. I see that Sir Clement rather deplores the sharp line of distinction which has been drawn between the Totalisator and the Pari-Mutuel ever since it became obvious that certain members of the Control Board were anxious for the latter system to be tried out in this country.

British Illus.

MRS. BYNG, MISS ALLEN AND CAPT. SHAW

Some of those who were present at the recent November Meeting at Warwick. Lord Derby's Servus was favourite for the Coventry Plate on the second day and proved an easy winner

"Tote" or Pari-Mutuel?

RATHER airily the Chairman of the Board declares there is practically no difference between the two. But all who have betted with the "tote" in France will agree that Sir Clement is wrong. The Pari-Mutuel, tediously worked by hand, is an out-of-date system likely to exasperate backers if it is adopted on an extensive scale in England. For my own part, I would much prefer to bet with the bookmakers than with the Pari-Mutuel, which subjects you to all sorts of delays in the declaration of dividends and the payment of winnings. I am quite convinced that we do not want on our racecourses a system which is gradually being discarded in other countries. The hand-worked methods may serve well enough at small hunt meetings, but their success at all popular flat racing fixtures is extremely problematical.

End of the Season

AT the close of flat-racing the time has come to congratulate those owners who occupy prominent positions on the winning lists. This year it has undoubtedly been a case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." Lord Derby has amassed an exceptional total in stake money, and his supremacy among the successful owners was assured long before the closing months of the season. It has been a marvellous year for him. Not only has he done extraordinarily well in England, but he and his American friend, Mr. Ogden Mills, also head the list of winning owners in France, where they have won the Grand Prix de Paris, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and other big events. It is regrettable that Lord Derby has not been racing this year, so he did not witness the triumphs of Fairway in the Eclipse Stakes and the St. Leger, and of Toboggan in the Oaks and the Jockey Club Stakes.

Lord Derby's Two-Year-Olds

CURIOUSLY enough, while Lord Derby's colours have done so exceptionally well this year there are singularly few two-year-olds of the top class in the Stanley House stable. This makes it doubtful whether the owner in question will be able to maintain his supremacy in 1929. Perhaps, however, this establishment has some surprises in store for us. It shelters at least one promising youngster who has not yet been seen in public. I refer to a colt called St. Leger, who is remarkably well bred, being by Gainsborough out of Tranquil. He was too backward for Frank Butters to do anything with him during the past season, but I believe there are hopes at Stanley House that the colt will have to be reckoned with in the classic races. His stable companion, Bosworth, is also a youngster of considerable promise. His only outing was at Hurst Park in the last few days of the season, and he ran well enough there to show that he possesses plenty of racing merit. The question of which is the best two-year-old in the country at the present time is one likely to arouse a good deal of controversy, and many will vote for Lord Ellesmere's undefeated filly Tiffin, and it will not be at all surprising if Mr. T. F. Dawkins places her at the head of the Free Handicap.

By "The Kennelman"

WOMEN fanciers in particular, and doggy folk in general, will muster at the Alexandra Palace to-day (Wednesday) for the Ladies' Kennel Association Show, the success of which is assured by the fact that the members of the L.K.A. run some of the finest kennels in England, and own many of the most famous Dogs.

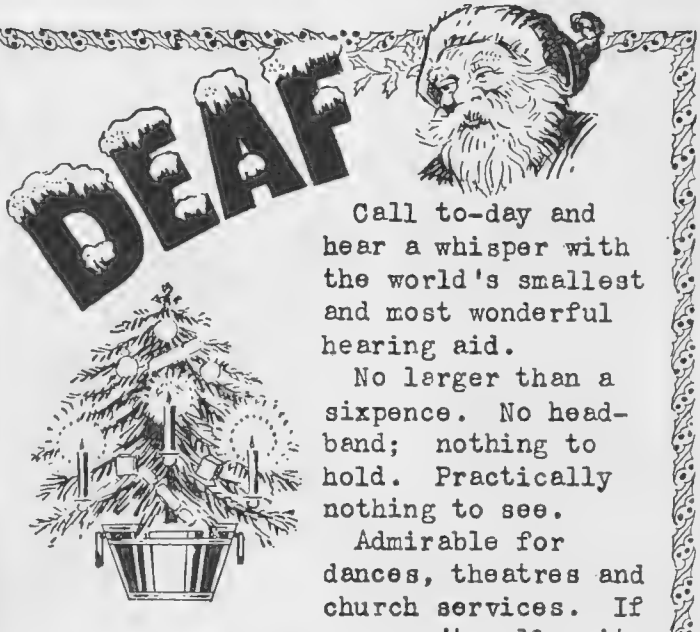
In all the immense post-War development of Dog-fancying no other factor has been more noticeable than the brilliant success of the women fanciers. This has been as marked where Hounds and the largest breeds are concerned as with the still foolishly so-called "Toys" and little fellows. And, so far from being confined to exhibiting, the success of the ladies has been equally striking in the more technical branches: breeding, breaking, training, field trials, tracking, and the practical sides of Dog-rearing; and, too, in the judging, stewarding, and organising work of the Shows. Apart from the activities of the Ladies' Kennel Association, one can take the biggest event of the doggy year, the Kennel Club's Annual Show, as illustrating the present-day position of women in Dog-fancying, and one finds that this year, whilst the men exhibitors numbered 662 all told, the women were no fewer than 925; surely a world's record for a function of this sort! In this connection it is pleasant to be able to record that even the most conservative of old-timers has welcomed the progress of the women fanciers. One has heard no jealous croakings among the veterans, even where women judges are concerned; the reason being that the women have shown themselves worthy of their success; they have won it as good fellows and good sportsmen.

"I always advise beginners in Dog-keeping to read THE BYSTANDER," writes the Hon. Secretary of a leading specialist club, "and to study every month that invaluable journal *The Kennel Gazette*—best of its kind in the world. Especially should novices study last month's *Gazette* for its fine portraits of the Challenge Certificate winners at the K.C. Show: Bulldogs, Cockers, Elkhounds, Danes, Mastiffs, Setters, Pekingese, Terriers, Keshonds, Afghans, Alsatians, Wolfhounds, Borzois, Dalmatians—they are all admirable, and perfect guides to the ideals to be aimed at in type and points: an invaluable portrait gallery."

Another correspondent draws attention to "the jolly daily Dog stories appearing in the *Morning Post*" as evidence of ever-growing general public interest in the study of Dogs. "As for Dogs' uncanny knowledge of time, one neighbour of mine has a Pekingese who for long has been in the habit of calling his master to dinner each evening, when the grandfather clock in the study struck the hour of seven. The innards of the ancient clock having suffered in some way, its striking apparatus was removed entirely. Punctually to the moment none the less, when seven o'clock comes the Peke trots across to the clock, stands watching for a few seconds, and then hurries to its master's chair to announce dinner. Another neighbour has noticed the way in which his Dandie Dinmont always knows Sunday morning from any other, and peremptorily summons his master on that day only for a before-breakfast stroll in the garden.

"Last Wednesday there were sausages for breakfast in that household, and the Dandie—sniffing excitedly—demanded a Sunday morning outing, much to the puzzlement of his master.

"Breakfast was under weigh before the mystery was solved by the mistress's announcement that this was the first time for years that it had included sausages *on any other day than Sunday.*"



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SUMMER
WINTER

THE SUN BATH

The "Côte des Basques," one of the four beaches of Biarritz, photographed towards 1 p.m., the hour when society is "sun-bathing."

THE HUNT

A group of horsemen, "habitués" of the Biarritz chase, is taken in full action on the moors of the Basque slopes which offer so many varied and attractive landscapes.

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E. FERRARI,
Manager.

do foreign stars eclipse british?

By AUBERON

AN AMBITION FULFILLED *Sport and General*

Jackie Coogan, the world-famous film star, who is now playing to English audiences on the Variety Stage at the Palladium, photographed busy with his model train. This recent gift of a steam model locomotive fulfilled one of Jackie's heart's desires

I HAVE just seen two films with rather the same story, but with a different "star" in each. Both are beautiful, expressive, and unique, and their names are Greta Garbo and Anna May Wong. Funnily enough, both are of a foreign nationality also, and certainly have English "stars" beaten to a frazzle in appearance and finished acting. What is the reason for it? Perhaps it is the very fact that they have that foreign blood in them, giving them more temperament in one little finger than we phlegmatic English have in our whole make-up.

❋

"SHOW LIFE," which is enjoying a short season at the Capitol, is an English production, and a better one than I have seen for some time. With Anna May Wong in the leading *rôle* success is ensured, but how she shows up the lesser talent of the other players! As a little Malayan dancing girl, full of love in her heart for the man who has befriended her, she stands out as being one of the most talented screen actresses of to-day.

❋

THERE is a long story to this piece, but it does not seem to matter very much. It is just Anna May Wong who interests us from the beginning right up until the end, when she kills herself accidentally during her performance of a sword dance at an hotel cabaret by falling on one of the upturned blades. Even then it is not the incident one notices so much as the joy and radiance in her eyes as she lies dying, when she realises that the man she loves is with her to the end.

HER beauty is of the Oriental type, of course, but how lovely she is with her large dark eyes slanting upwards at the ends, wistful, perfectly curved mouth, and expressive, tapering fingers. There are several "close-ups" of her during this film, for which I am very grateful, as they give one a chance really to study her adorable little face and features.

❋

HENRY GEORGE gave a good performance as the large, bullying fellow for whom "Song" has such a dog-like devotion, but I am afraid I did not think a great deal of Mary Kid in the *rôle* of Gloria, the woman who causes all the trouble. She seemed stilted and artificial next to the glowing warmth of Anna May Wong, but perhaps it is not fair to compare anyone else in the picture with that vital little person.

❋

A VERITABLE triumph indeed, and I, for one, shall look forward to seeing her again very soon. What a loss the film world would have sustained had not Douglas Fairbanks given her her chance to make good.

❋

IF there are any more discoveries of this kind to be made, please someone make them quickly, and I shall hope that she may be English. A hope that I have grave doubts of being fulfilled. We can supply Ronald Colmans and Reginald Dennys, but not Greta Garbos and Anna May Wongs. I may be wrong; let's trust I am.

❋

GRETA GARBO. When I think of these names a vision comes before my eyes of a slender girl, amazingly beautiful one moment, almost plain the next, but never lacking in charm. She is irresistible with her challenging eyes, passionate mouth, and wonderfully varying expressions, but she does not rely only on being the fortunate possessor of seductive loveliness, and that mysterious something known as sex-appeal. She is an actress to her finger-tips, and as such deserves her success.

❋

IN "The Divine Woman," however, she is not given a part worthy of her undoubted talent. The story of a little "nobody" who becomes a famous actress, and who at the zenith of her triumphs renounces all for true love's sake does not need a Greta Garbo. Though with her extraordinary personality she was able to lift it up from being merely ordinary to something approaching originality.

❋

PLAYING opposite her in this picture is Lars Hansen, who gives an interesting performance as her soldier lover, and praise is certainly due to Lowell Sherman, the polished villain of the piece. As Monsieur Legrande, the wealthy theatre producer, who starts her on the road to success, he surpasses anything he has ever done before. By a lift of an eyebrow he was able to convey to the audience as much, and more, than many actors can by a whole series of changing expressions.

❋

THIS film is not quite up to the usual standard of a Metro-Goldwyn Mayer production, except from the point of view of the acting; but anyone wishing to be amused for an hour or so, and who finds Greta Garbo as attractive as I do, should certainly go and see it.

A Young Man with Great Gifts

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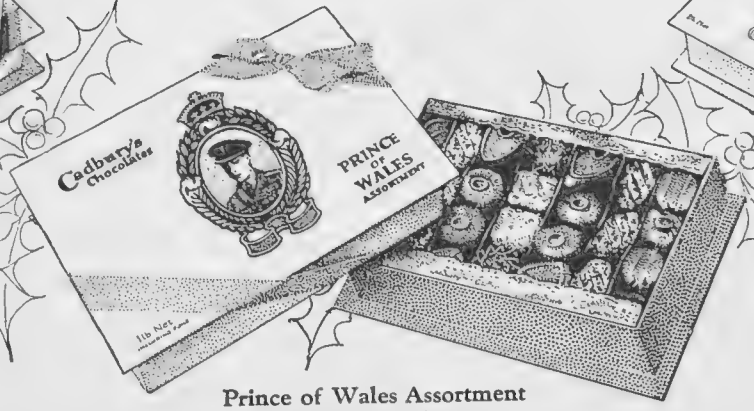

Prince of Wales Assortment
4/- per 1 lb. box

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RADIO NOTES

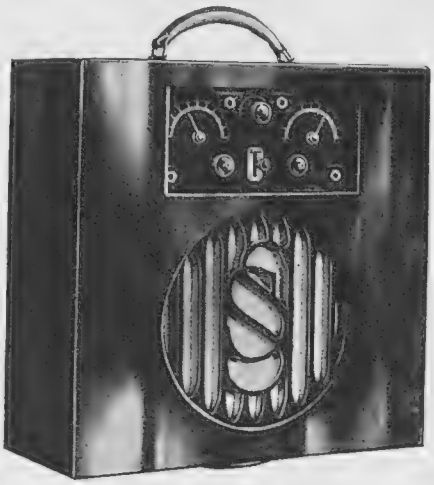
I RECENTLY tested a range of portables and other sets made by Messrs. Selectors, Ltd., of 1, Dover Street, W., and was surprised at the variety of instruments which this firm offers, varying from a super set guaranteed to receive thirty stations to a three-valve portable utilising one of the new screen-grid valves.

In the first rank is the Selector Super, a seven-valve set housed in a handsome mahogany cabinet. High-frequency amplification is obtained on the well-known super-heterodyne system, which is not only simple to operate, but definitely gets the stations.

This set, which is priced at 52 guineas and weighs 50 lb. approximately, has a number of refinements, including excellent slow-motion dials and H.T. and L.T. accumulators which may be charged from the mains without being removed from the set. Provision is made for a gramophone pick-up to be utilised, and a simple change-over switch gives the choice of long- or short-wave programmes.

The quality of reproduction is good, and there is ample volume. Although there are two dials tuning is quite simple, since a chart is provided with the set, giving the exact settings for the various English and foreign stations.

I WAS next shown the less ambitious, but equally serviceable, five-valve portables. One of these is mounted in a wooden cabinet similar to the Selector Super receiver, whilst the other is housed in an attaché case covered with an attractive blue-grey morocco leather. The external measurements are 13½in. × 13in. × 8¾in., and the weight 26 lb. In either of these five-valve sets tuning is carried out by a single slow-motion control in conjunction with a variable volume control. To change over from one wavelength to another is accomplished by a switch, whilst the batteries and valves are readily accessible.



AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL

The Selector Super Seven Valve portable set. It is made by Messrs. Selectors, Ltd., of 1, Dover Street, W.

MESSRS. SELECTORS also market a short wave three-valve receiver having a wavelength range of 15 to 100 metres. During the past year extraordinary performances have been accomplished with the ultra-short waves, and it is universally acknowledged that these wavelengths are ideal for covering exceedingly long distances. Now the owner of a short-wave set can reach out to the four corners of the earth, receiving broadcast programmes from America and Australia with ease.

THE conditions are somewhat different from those obtaining on the broadcast band. Tuning is very sharp, and "hand effects" are more liable to be troublesome. It is sometimes found even with broadcast receivers that a station is received satisfactorily while the operator is adjusting the set and thus has his hand on the dial, but that as soon as the hand is removed the signal fades out or a whistle occurs. This is due to the presence of the body, which has a certain capacity to earth. The removal of this capacity has upset the tuning.

THE trouble is known as "hand effect," and can be overcome by suitable design. It is clearly quite impossible to achieve really distant reception in the presence of such conditions. On short waves the trouble is immensely aggravated, for very high frequencies are employed, and the slightest body capacity offers an easy path for the currents. J. H. R.

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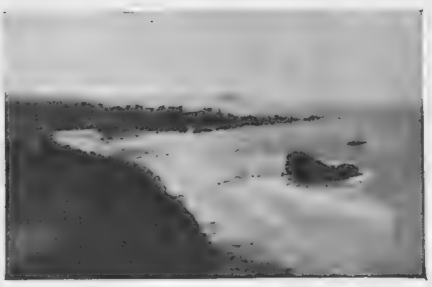

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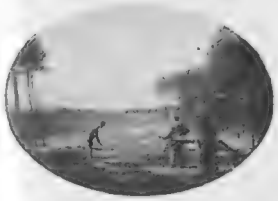

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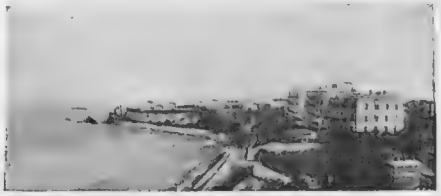

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CONTINENTAL

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(Continued from page 463)

"By Jove! What a coincidence! Fancy landing up against you two, of all people in the world!"

He smiled amiably at the scarlet-faced Roland and carefully refrained from mentioning that the long arm of coincidence had been considerably shortened by the use of a five-hundred-franc note that was now reposing in the pocket of the restaurant manager.

One glance at the hapless Roland was enough to show Lydia that no help could be expected from that direction, and she promptly launched her offensive with the energy of a Mussolini and the air of a tragedy queen.

"How *dare* you hound me down like this, Bill?"

Her husband raised a protesting palm.

"My dear Lydia, do please be reasonable," he begged. "You take advantage of my absence to leave my hearth and home to 'find soul-happiness and forgetfulness,' I think was the phrase. I don't know how the soul-happiness part of the proceedings is getting on, but the forgetfulness must have started early."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, you quite forgot to mention who the 'another' to whom you turned was, or where the nest was to be. By the way, hadn't you better introduce me? I always think it is such bad form to talk to your wife's —er—escort without a formal introduction."

"Look here, sir," Roland exploded; "you know perfectly well who I am, and if you've followed us here to insult us——"

"Be quiet, Rollie!" Lydia's voice quivered with rage as she turned again on her husband. "I suppose you've followed me here to beg me to come back. Well, I won't! Go on—divorce me if you want to—*I* don't care! Rollie and I are all in all to each other. Aren't we, darling?"

The wretched Roland fidgeted with his tie and carefully avoided Lydia's eagle eye. Bill Kerslake leant across the table and patted his arm.

"Don't say anything, my boy. I admire your reticence. Doesn't do to wear your heart on your sleeve. Love-making should be reserved for the more private occasions."

"You doubtless think you're being very clever and cynical," his wife snapped, "but perhaps you will tell me why you are here if you did not come to the Riviera to spy on us!"

Her husband laid a hand on his chest with a dramatic gesture.

"Lydia, you do me wrong! How can you suggest that I am capable of such baseness?" "No," he continued, "when I read your note I realised that it would be impossible for me to subject you to the ordeal of Divorce Court publicity as a respondent."

Roland Foxwell could not repress a sigh of relief. If Kerslake had chosen to do so he could have made things devilish unpleasant by citing him as co-respondent. Why, he might even have had to marry the woman! Shudderingly he cursed himself for a young fool ever to have been carried away to the extent he had been. Well, he had been a complete idiot, but, praise be, he had learnt his lesson. The voice of Lydia's husband cut in upon his thoughts.

"No," he was saying; "rather than do that I will sacrifice myself on the altar of scandal. You want your freedom, Lydia, and you shall have it. That is why I am here. Your—er—understudy, whom I booked for the part on my way through Paris, is due here at about nine forty-five. I shall put no obstacle in your way, and as I presume you are not stopping here under your own name there need be no fear of collusion. When it is all over I shall retire to the country," he continued cheerfully, "and there try to forget my past, seeking solace in the chase of Reynard. In fact, I've already fixed up for the sale of the house in Wilton Street and am negotiating for a place in the Fernie country."

"Well, I'm damned!" gasped Roland; and he meant it!

Lydia rose to her feet. "Very well, Bill, I will call your bluff! If that woman arrives I swear I'll divorce you, whether you mean what you say or not. Rollie, darling, I'm going up to pack. We'll leave this place to-morrow. Follow me as soon as you can."

"Righto, Lydia. Sorry, force of habit." Bill turned to the young man. "Your shout, I fancy!"

With a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders she swept from the room, leaving a miserable and self-conscious young man facing a mildly amused husband.

"Look here, sir," began the former. "I—I don't know *what* to say."

"Then that saves all trouble." Bill glanced at his watch. "Great Scot! Nicolette must be here by now. Come along and meet her."

"How can I?" protested the other. "It's not done. I mean to say, I—that is——"

"Nonsense! One good turn deserves another. Having enjoyed a chat with the future Mrs. Roland Foxwell, I can't let you go without meeting the—well—temporary Mrs. Kerslake."

Seizing his arm in a firm but friendly grip, Bill piloted the wretched youth into the lounge. A dazzling vision of furs and jewels rose from a chair and crossed to him.

"Ah! The dear Beelee! I 'ave come to see you, as they tell me you are 'ere!"

"Hullo, Yvonne! By the way, may I present Mr. Foxwell—Mlle. Yvonne Domeraille. Where's Nicolette?"

Over Roland's shoulder the fair Yvonne favoured Bill Kerslake with a prodigious wink before replying.

"Ah! The poor Nicolette. She is devastated, but the ill-'ealth it prevent 'er from leaving Paris. She telephone me and I come over from my villa at St. Juan to, what you say?—spill the news."

"Confound it!" Bill's air of mortification was perfectly assumed. "Look here, young feller, this upsets all my plans. I must go and telephone at once. Just look after Mlle. Yvonne till I come back, will you?"

"But of course 'e will." Yvonne favoured Roland with a smile which for its dazzling splendour would have left Helen of Troy at the post.

Before he had recovered Bill had vanished and Yvonne was already seated beside him on a settee confiding to him that perhaps just one leetle *curaçoa* would not come amiss.

Some half-hour later, in response to her sympathetic query, Roland admitted that something was wrong. Everything, in fact, was wrong. He was a fool for having run away with Lydia; a cad for having played so low-down a trick on an old pal of the governor's, and a congenital idiot for not having realised that he never had cared, and never would care, two hoots for the woman. He concluded by wishing to heaven he could get out of the scrape before he did any more harm.

Yvonne laughed deliciously.

"Seely boy! But it is easy. You have but to write the leetle note to Madame eggsplaining you no longaire weesh to come between her *mari* and herself, and are leaving. I will telephone to the sweet Nicolette that now she need not deraange herself, and all will be well."

"By Jove! You're right. But what about my luggage?"

"Pouf! Send for ze bagages *au matin*."

Roland looked dubious. "Yes, but where can I go? It's a bit late to start hunting round for a place to-night."

Yvonne, snuggling up to him on the sofa, told him!

* * *

Seated in his *couchette* on the Paris train that night, Bill Kerslake chuckled to himself.

"By gad! That girl Yvonne played her part splendidly. I really believe she would have taken on the job for the sheer love of the thing without those two thousand francs."

He turned out the light and settled down in the bed.

"One thing, Lydia won't stand the country life. Serve her right," he mused sleepily. "Shouldn't mess about with Tony Foxwell's youngster. She'll probably stop abroad for a bit. Nothing terrifies women of her type more than the fear of ridicule."

He rolled over on his side.

"Clever of Yvonne to think of that Nicolette business. Wonder if there is such a person? Well, who cares?"

A sigh, and Bill Kerslake slept the sleep of the just—but only just!

M. K.

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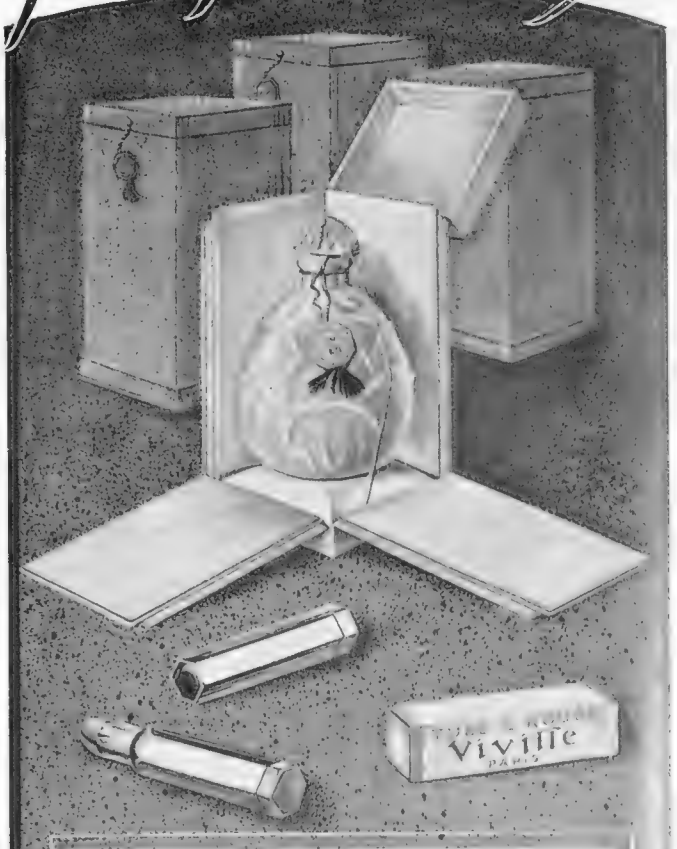

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MANNERS and MORALS

By RALPH STRAUS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE literary world, I am sorry to say, is distinctly uneasy. You can hardly meet an author or a publisher these days who is not bemoaning his lot. And why? Because an uninterested public will not buy his wares? No; but for fear lest he should not be permitted to sell them. In other words, that tiresome bogy, the Censor, has been raised again, and that extinct creature, "the young person," has been specially revived, and altogether things are in a very bad way. It is really pathetic. You might almost suppose that every author in the Kingdom was planning to write the most abominable book ever conceived by the brain of man. You might think that every publisher was momentarily expecting a visit from the Flying Squad. But it was ever thus. Periodically there comes a first-class literary rumpus, and as a result all sorts of people take fright.

❋

A FEW years ago it was the question of names in novels. There was a celebrated case. Somebody invented a Mr. Artemus Jones for his novel, and his Mr. Jones left England for a jaunt abroad with somebody else's wife. (I understand that this unseemly practice has not yet been completely abandoned in real life even to-day.) But it happened that there was a real and most respectable Mr. Artemus Jones, and although the unfortunate novelist had never heard of his existence until he was sued for libel, he was forced to pay substantial damages in the Courts. Whereupon it was widely proclaimed that henceforth no novelist would be safe. But a note at the beginning of a work of fiction to the effect that "all the characters are imaginary" seems to be a satisfactory safeguard. At any rate, nobody seems to worry very much about names these days, and in a little while, I expect, nobody will be worrying very much about a Censor either.

❋

NEVERTHELESS there are literary questions which are of real interest to the ordinary reader. That business, for instance, of putting real people into novels; is it fair? And what are the proper limits for a biography? Where does mud-raking begin? What is an "immoral" book? Why should the Duke of Sixcounties be allowed to hand down his acres from generation to generation, when an author is not permitted to keep his literary property in the family for more than a beggarly fifty years? Should clergymen be permitted to preach sermons that they have not written themselves? Is it fair to abridge an author's work without his permission? (This is generally done only after his death, when he has no rights and is legally supposed to be suffering no wrongs, but no matter.) And so on. Well, literary crimes and misdemeanours are still being committed in our midst, and it is all rather dreadful, though, if we are to believe Mr. H. M. Paull, whose book on *Literary Ethics* (Butterworth: 15s.) is just out, we scribblers are gradually coming to see the error of our ways, and are becoming almost respectable.

MR. H. M. PAULL
The author of "Literary Ethics," published by Thornton Butterworth at 15s.

❋

THE book is worth reading for its array of curious facts. It is amusing to find that Byron could not claim copyright for his *Don Juan* on account of its immorality, though nobody thought of stopping the pirates from reprinting the poem as often as they liked. It is piquant, too, to see the public being badly hoaxed throughout the ages. But though our books and not our bodies are burnt these days for a literary indiscretion, we are not yet the paragons that Mr. Paull would have us. True, he scoffs at a Censor, and admits that our literary conscience is growing, but halos are not yet required.

❋

MR. PAULL is sincere and unbiased. His book is serious. Unfortunately it is a little too serious, and there is a suspicion of the heavy dragoon in his style. Many of his chapters have already appeared in the more expensive Reviews, and if you write for these Reviews you are expected to be grave and portentous. This is a pity, because if he had treated his subject in a more light-hearted spirit he could have written the most joyous of books. As it is, you admire his erudition, in spite of one or two curious mistakes, and you agree with most of his conclusions, though when he asks how anybody can enjoy a serious drama after seeing a popular comedian play the fool in a burlesque of it, I confess I cannot follow his reasoning.

By STUART PARKER

"Did you say you were an artist?"
"No. I said I drew from Nature. You see, I'm a dentist!"

For my part, I look on all these questions as a matter for manners rather than morals. We can no longer forge with impunity, and the wicked pirates are "bruised, bloody, battered, smashed, squelched, and utterly undone," as Dickens remarked on a celebrated occasion. Strange things are still done by authors, but to-day almost everything will depend on *how* they are done. To take an instance from a recent book. I have heard young Beverley Nichols described as the most impertinent young man in the country, and I feel convinced that Mr. Paull would disapprove of his "literary ethics," but do any of his victims particularly object?

❋

Last week I was deploring the dearth of good first novels. I had not then read *The Old Expedient* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*) by Pansy Pakenham, who in real life is Lady Pansy Lamb. Now I do not say that this is in any sense a great book, but it is fresh and unusual. The story, which concerns one of those tiny islands off our own coast which delight in "kings" of their own, is of the unconventional kind. Purposely I say nothing of the plot, but it is pleasant to find a new method being used to illustrate the old statement that "it is expedient for one man to die for the people." The book has a wistful irony about it, and the touch of fantasy is not out of place. It will be interesting to see what its successor is like.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Pan's Garden. By O. Hill. (Allan: 15s.)
The Life and Work of the People of England. By D. M. Hartley and M. M. Elliot. (Batsford: 4s. 6d.)
Literary Ethics. By H. M. Paull. (Butterworth: 15s.)
The Rose and the Ring. By Christabel Marillier. (Chapman and Hall: 2s. 6d.)
Stable Wise. By Lt.-Col. S. G. Goldschmidt. (Christopher: 7s. 6d.)
In My Opinion. Edited by Major W. E. Lyon. (Constable: 31s. 6d.)
From Major to Minor. By Major K. Dawson. (Country Life: 12s. 6d.)
Country Sense and Common Sense. By Crascredo. (Country Life: 12s. 6d.)
The People's Album of London Statutes. By Osbert Sitwell. (Duckworth: 12s. 6d.)
The Hunting Diary and Guide for the Season 1928/1929. (Goldsmith: 3s. 6d.)
Many Tales of Many Cities. By Isidore de Lara. (Hutchinson: 18s.)
The Coming Country. By Sir F. Younghusband. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
Alma Mater. By Julian Hall. (Paul: 2s. 6d.)
London Town and Country. (St. Catherine's Press: 1s.)
Collected Poems. By A. T. Shearman, M.A., D.Lit. (Fowler Wright, 10s.)
Iodine for Livestock. By F. Stewart Corrie, B.Sc., N.D.A., N.D.D.

FICTION.

The Phantom in the House. By A. Soutar. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
Via Romana. By E. C. Alder. (Lockwood: 7s. 6d.)
The Story of Hassan. By Hassan Ali Shah, Englished by John Anthony. (Nisbet: 7s. 6d.)
The Broken Lily. By E. N. Hackett. (Palmer: 7s. 6d.)
The Portrait of a Spy. By E. Temple Thurston. (Putnam: 7s. 6d.)

MY BRIEF LIBRARY SELECTION

The Privacity Agent and Other Modest Proposals. By Bernard K. Sandwell. (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—After Professor Leacock, of the University of Montreal, Professor Sandwell, of McGill, but it is Leacock with a difference. Skits cunningly disguised as highbrow essays, jolly to read. Sometimes most excellent satire. The Professor would have us encourage bathrooms and superstitions, and he suggests that American millionaires could do worse than collect our Cathedrals. An excellent companion, and we will hope for more of him. But what is it about Professors of Economics "over there" that makes them so keen to be funny?

The Legend of the Damned. By Bennett J. Doty. (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—If you are not yet tired of the Foreign Legion here is a first-hand account of its daily life, written by an American who fought and swore and was decorated and escaped, and was captured and sentenced. It goes with a swing.

The Yellow Primrose. By Joan Young. (Longmans: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—A remarkable novel for a woman to have written. War scenes quite as vivid as any I have read, including those in the Tietjens books, which, incidentally, it oddly resembles. The post-war scenes in an English county are almost equally good.

Richardson. By Brian W. Downs. (Routledge: 6*s.*)—An excellent addition to "The Republic of Letters" series. Biographical as well as critical. In some ways Richardson was rather an old bore, but he had his importance. He may even have been as important as Mr. Downs likes to think. Easy and agreeable reading.

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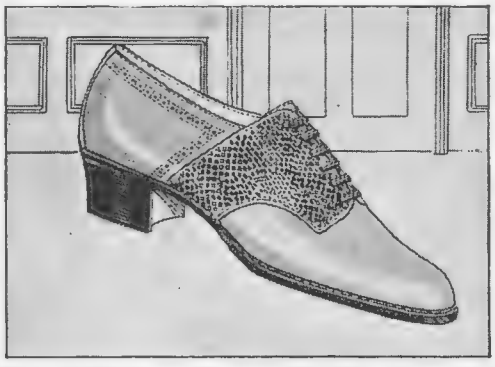

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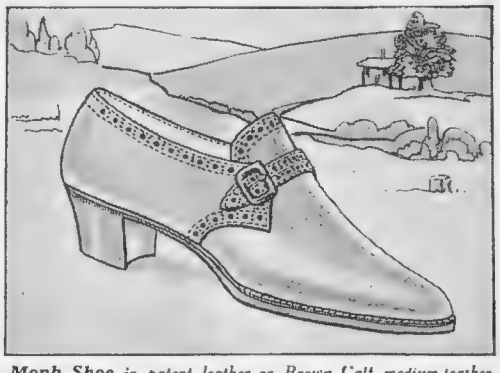

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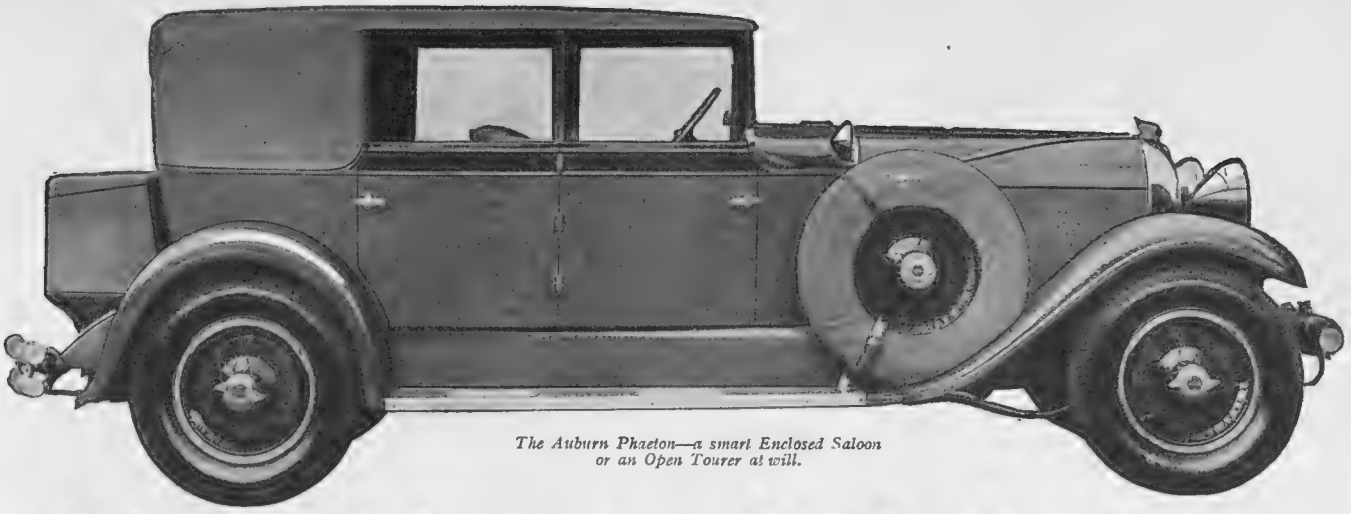

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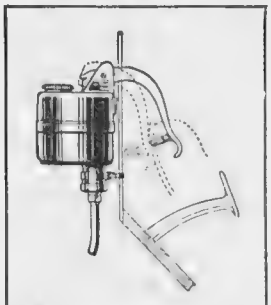

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BAA! BAA! BAA! at the BAR BASQUE

In the distance the Atlantic is rolling backwards and forwards. The Pyrenees stand firm. Everyone else, including their automobiles, are sitting. They're just so tyred. In the immediate foreground barmen, waiters, English peers, peeresses, French beer, and Chilian heiresses are drinking and thinking. Also drinking are Americans (by arrangement with the Ritz, Paris), Gigolos, and other professional sportsmen, as well as Russian, Portuguese, Greek, and other Royalty. So gather round, girls and boys, and listen to this tale of old Biarritz where men are men but the best are barmen. Lights, please. Thank you.

CHARACTERS

(In order of their disappearance.)

Prince Philippe de Hispano-Squeeza, one of the old line of Spanish knight-lights. He is in love with

Caramelletta, a pretty piece of Pyrenees and ankles, who prefers motor cars to men, and is intent on bringing about a marriage with

Prince Roberto di Alfa-Romeo, another wandering knight-light who has never been put out. His thirst, however, has outrun his purse. He cannot even afford to buy a joke, but he manages to live up to his family motto, "C'est la femme qui paye," by finding himself in the clutches of

The Duchess de Plata, an old name in a new setting, whose life-work is spent in avoiding

The Duke de Plata, at the moment masquerading as **Pedro de Guava,** a troubadour (by arrangement with the Savoy). He got left out in the rain at a spectacular swimming party given by

The Countess Hwfa-Hwfa, an Englishwoman of several reputations, all of which persist in following her around. One of these is

Count Birribbi, a Portuguese vice-admiral, who has lived on board battleships so long he does not find it difficult to transfer his dependence to more fragile craft. He is in league with

Lord Ronald Rue and **Lord de la Fere,** two divorce court entertainers, to prevent

Prince Chi-Chi, an Italian nobleman with an American bankground, from demolishing all the famous international beauty spots in the neighbourhood. They are frustrated in their plans to denobilise him by

Pepita, a dancer ("the shins you would love to touch"), who is the —er—daughter of the

Marquess de Carrambino, yet another knight-light of the line and also night watchman at the Bar Basque. She is in love with

Lord Rupert Hughie, the international polo player and equerry-in-waiting. Helped by **Pepita,** he is now waiting for a drink. Just as he fears he may have to sacrifice his amateur status up comes

Lady Mildmay Flete, who in two continents is always spoken of, but seldom to. She is anxious to stage a "come-back," and enlists for this purpose an impecunious aristocrat, the

Duchess Oportoflippo, whose weaknesses vary between the ages of eighteen and twenty and champagne cocktails. At present, however, she is eating her heart out for

Ramona, a dancer with social ambitions and Senegalese colourings, who hopes to have enormous success with them in London.

The scene opens with a lot of Bacardis. Then a lot more. Now you can go on with the story from here. I can't. R. V.

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THE PROBLEM OF TRAFFIC POLICE

By E. M. WRIGHT

THAT great minds do *not* always think alike might have been the lesson of the Press Club's recent dinner to personalities of the motor industry. Amongst the guests of the evening were Sir Herbert Austin, Mr. S. F. Edge, Mr. Kay Don, undoubtedly the most successful racing man of the year, and Flying-Officer C. S. Staniland, who is making a name for himself by travelling rather fast in the air as well as on the two- and four-wheelers *à terre*; also Captain O. M. Baldwin, the world's fastest motor cyclist. Lord Riddell, giving the toast of the guests, told us that Sir Herbert Austin had come to this country from Australia to control a sheep-shearing company. Women's fashions had changed, however. Where the wool of two sheep was required to make a lady's dress, the demand was nowadays supplied by one silk-worm. Sir Herbert, in reply, argued that the car of the future would be very much smaller, lighter, and cheaper. Mr. S. F. Edge, on the other hand, thought that the car of the future must become larger. Altogether a very jolly evening.

* * *

VIENNA, I see has adopted traffic police. It is an expedient we shall have to come to in this country. That motorists should be at the mercy of the opinions of a man who has never handled a vehicle of any kind on the road is one of those curious situations which only the nation that produced W. S. Gilbert could tolerate. Foreigners, especially Americans, think very highly of the way our policemen carry out such road duties as traffic control, but they would think more highly still if they knew how ignorant most of these worthy police are of what it feels like to be in charge of a vehicle. You cannot teach motoring and road sense from a book or blackboard. While one admires the efforts of such bodies as the Metropolitan Police, while one admits that the results are often remarkable, there is no doubt that something better will be called for. We need men who can detect the cutter-in, the reckless overtaker, and the man who pays no attention to side turnings. Classroom instruction cannot teach one to distinguish these gentry from others who are merely guilty of exceeding the legal limit of 20 m.p.h. Recently there was a rumour that a vast scheme of forming a corps of over 5,000 specially trained road

By Sallon

A MOTOR NIGHT AT THE PRESS CLUB

Our artist's impressions of some of those who were present at the Press Club's dinner, given to personalities of the motor industry. Kaye Don (left), Sir Herbert Austin, Lord Riddell, S. F. Edge and Flying-Officer Staniland. In front: Lawrence H. Cade and Capt. O. M. Baldwin

-had it not been for your glass

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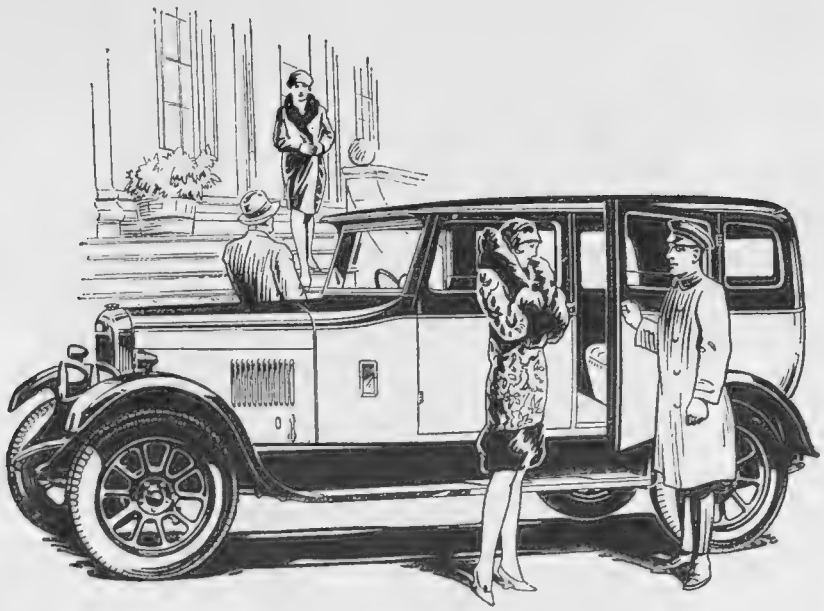

Comparisons may be odious, *but*—

Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes inevitable. If an ordinary six-cylinder car with fairly full equipment be taken as a standard, the SINGER SIX will be found to have a large number of additional luxuries and refinements, representing the extra value you get in a SINGER. Amongst these must be numbered Triplex glass all round, Dewandre vacuum servo brakes, Newton hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers, Marles steering, chromium untarnishable plating, and Luvax central lubrication operated by a foot-pedal under the dashboard.

The discerning motorist cannot fail to appreciate that these extra items add over £80 to the value of the car. There are others which cost less, but none which equal the value of the SINGER SIX at £300—and it is British. The magnificent engine provides ample smooth power, for it is of two litre capacity and has a seven bearing crankshaft with vibration damper. The perfect balance at all speeds is a revelation in riding comfort.

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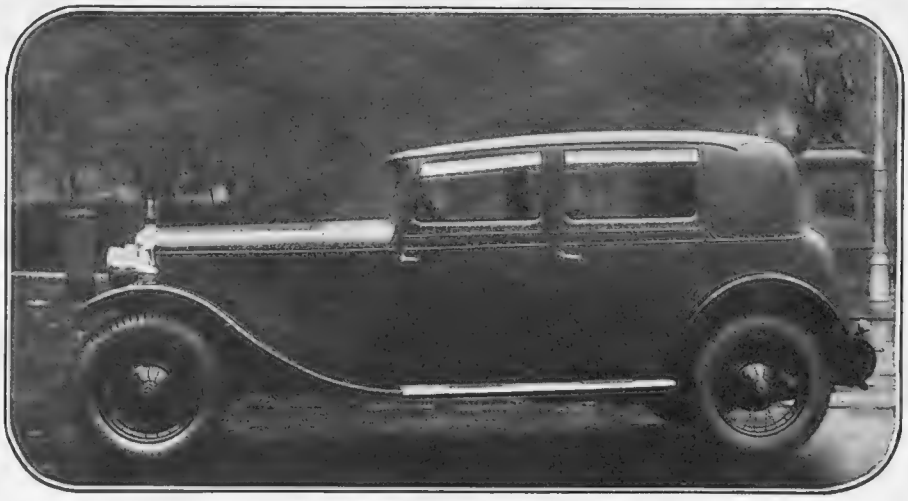
H.P.

guards had been prepared by the Home Office. This has since been officially denied, but a belief that it will eventually take place still persists.

***

In the old days of motor boating speed and the thrill of speed was only for the rich. The outboard motor, that is to say, the motor unit which, complete with petrol tank, rudder and propeller, can be clamped on the back of any suitable craft—was regarded as a makeshift; cheap and useful, no doubt, but still a makeshift. It is astonishing how the development of the internal combustion engine has changed all this. Outboard motors have made great strides in reliability and power output which, other things being equal, means speed. They are no longer confined to hack work on heavy boats. The desire for speed has produced ultra-lightweight craft, scientifically designed to offer the least possible resistance. Most of these are built on the hydroplane principle with a flat bottom and one or two steps, so that when a certain speed is reached they rise out of the water and skim or plane along the top. They are, in fact, very similar in design to the floats of a seaplane. Yet in spite of this progress and improvement prices all the time have been coming down.



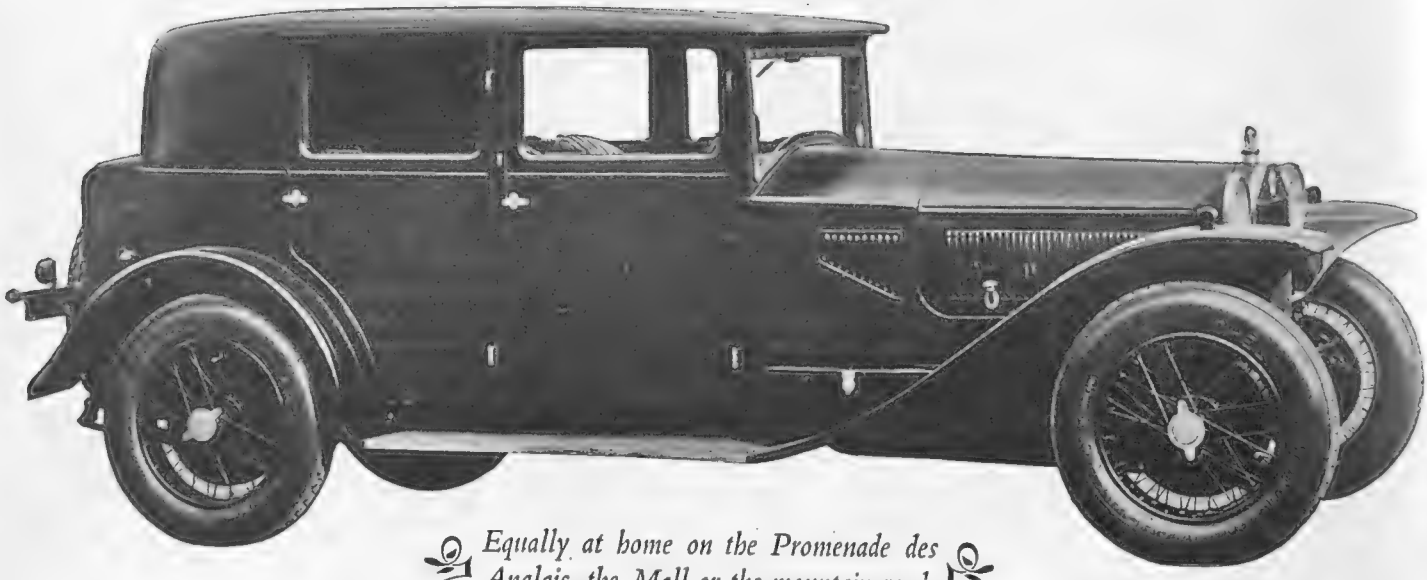
A NEW DAIMLER PRODUCTION

A photograph of a recent Daimler Hoyal model that has a particularly elegant appearance. The body is a four-door, four-seater Sportsman's Saloon. It is made on Weymann principles and among the special features are the curved line between the body and the scuttle, the sloped windscreen and the ventilation cowls at the top of each window

***

Far too many brakes are adjusted—when they are adjusted at all—on the hit and miss principle. Recently this operation has been reduced to a science by means of an instrument produced by Harvey Frost and Company, Ltd. This is the H.F. brake tester, by which the actual force needed to turn the wheel at any position of the brakes is recorded on the dial for each wheel. With the brake tester is supplied a brake pressure indicator. This is used to press down the brake pedal in place of the foot, and is screwed up to record a definite pressure according to the strength of the usual driver of the car. This is important, in view of the fact that the pressure applied to the pedal should be the same for each wheel under test. Thus the H.F. brake tester not only gives a true criterion of what an efficient brake should be, but it indicates practically every fault to which a brake is liable; for instance, brakes which bind when supposed to be in the off position, or brake drums which are out of truth. It is not, of course, an economic proposition for the ordinary owner-driver to keep in his motor house, but all up-to-date repair shops ought to possess one, and the private owner should cast around until he finds a local garage that does—and patronise it. To those who own several cars, of course, it would be well worth installing. E. M. W.

L



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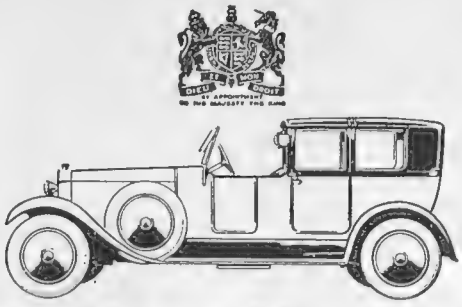

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DRY IMPERIAL *VINTAGE 1919*

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The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

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Cigarette Cases.	Sterling Silver.	9-carat Gold.
Size 3½ × 2⅞ inches	£2 0 0	£10 10 0
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The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company beg to announce that the New Showrooms are now open, and the Directors have pleasure in inviting Londoners and Visitors to London to pay a visit of inspection. Please note the address: 112, Regent Street, London, W.1, at the corner of Glasshouse Street.

Illustrated Gifts Book sent upon application.

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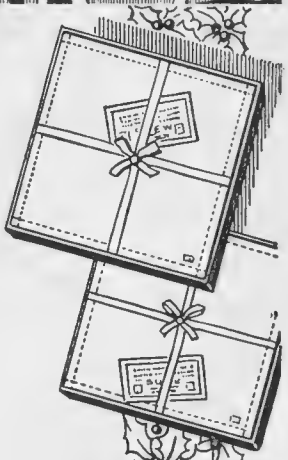
In half-doz. Gift Boxes for Christmas

A Christmas present your friends will be delighted to receive—six pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs in a dainty "SUNDEW" GIFT BOX. These soft, lustrous Handkerchiefs, delightful specimens of Ireland's oldest industry, are guaranteed all Irish Linen. A snow-white linen handkerchief is now an essential dress detail of the fashionable woman and the well-groomed man, and your friends will appreciate the delicate compliment to their good taste.

Ask to see the "SUNDEW" Christmas Gift Box.



SUNDEW REGD
HANDKERCHIEFS
for Ladies and Gentlemen

IN HALF-DOZEN GIFT BOXES
Ladies' from 3/3 to 9/-
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PER BOX

Leading Stores now featuring "SUNDEW" Handkerchiefs:

ARMY & NAVY STORES, *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.* BENTALLS, *Kingston.* HENRY GLAVE LTD., *Oxford Street, W.* T. J. HARRIES & CO. LTD., *Oxford Street, W.* RUSSELLS, LTD., *Leicester Square, W.* WALLIS'S, *Holborn, W.C.*

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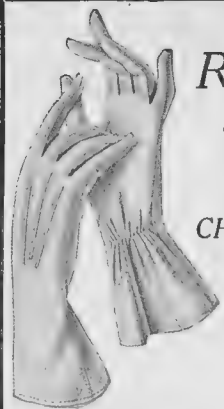
RELIABLE GLOVES
FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS



Illustrated Catalogue of Xmas Gifts post free.

Soft Mocha Finish Skin Gloves lined soft wool; elastic wrists. In beaver, grey, sable, brown and cedar. Price per pair **11/9**

Strong Washable Suède Gloves, with elastic wrists. In fashionable colours. Price per pair **13/9**
Also another make in pale shades only at 6/11 per pair.

Washable "Viskin" Gloves lined soft wool, wrist lined fur. In fawn, grey, birch, and mushroom.
Price per pair **19/6**
Sent on approval.

English Washable Gazelle Gloves lined silk; elastic wrists. In fawn and beige. Price per pair - **15/9**

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Soft Mocha Finish Skin Gloves, lined with silk, elastic wrists. In beaver, grey and sable brown. Price per pair - **14/9**
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THE QUORN
AT SHOBY CROSS-ROADS.

Actual size of print 14½ inches by 9¾ inches.

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

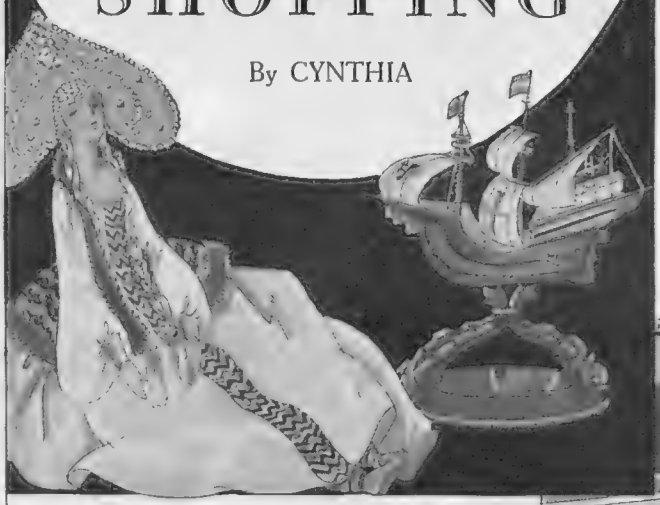
By CYNTHIA

The Art of Giving

THE whole art of gracious giving lies in the thought which has inspired the gift, and the individual care which has obviously been bestowed upon the token, however small it may be. It is to simplify the search for original and appropriate presents that these pages have been planned. They contain many valuable suggestions that are sure to receive an eager welcome.

A Boudoir Beauty

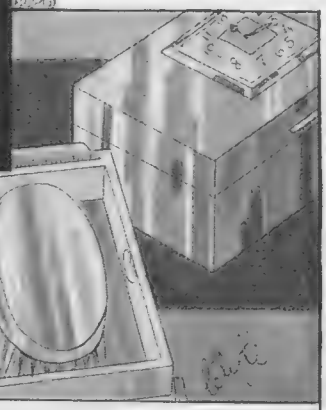
Who, for instance, could resist the charms of this lovely Divan doll? She is clothed in green taffeta, and her long golden plaits are crowned by a head-dress decorated with pearls and coloured stones. The ashtray is made of wood, surmounted by a beautiful tinted model of an old sailing ship. Both come from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street.



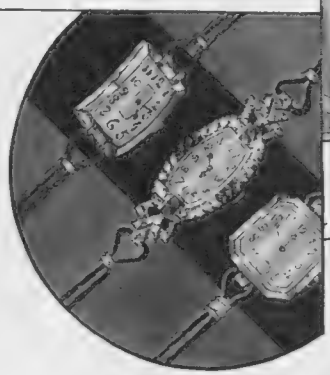
A beautifully garbed Russian lady from Paris, and a gallant ship a-sailing over a wooden ashtray will surely not stay long at Marshall and Snelgrove's

Masculine Accessories

Those who are in search of distinctive presents wend their way to J. C. Vickery, 145, Regent Street. On the right is illustrated a pair of ivory brushes which, with two clothes brushes and a comb, stand in an ivory tray with a glass base. The cigarette box is of engine-turned silver. It is lined with cedar wood, and set into its lid is an eight-day watch.



A set of ivory brushes from J. C. Vickery. Also a silver cigarette box with a watch inset in the lid



An oblong watch in white gold, and gold, another set with diamonds and sapphires, and an almost square one in white gold. From Mappin and Webb

Sketches by Clyte

Timely Loveliness

In a like class are the three exquisite watches from Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, 2, Queen Victoria Street, and 172, Regent Street. The first is oblong, and is composed of white gold and gold. It costs £17 10*s*. In the centre is one encrusted with diamonds and sapphires, the price of which is £82 10*s*. Lastly there is a little square watch, in white gold, with cut corners. This costs £25.

Manly Comfort

At the foot of this page is sketched a man's dressing-gown of *crêpe de Chine*, printed in a bold design, trimmed and lined with heavy satin. Tinsel brocade, all satin, or reversible Vicuna, are other alternatives to be found at Turnbull and Asser, 71, Jermyn Street, whose reputation is most enviable.

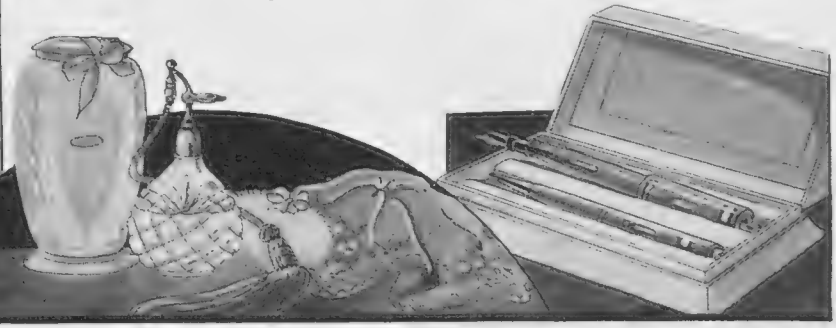
Charming Toilet Ornaments

Myosotis, 7, Hanover Square, is a veritable paradise for those who seek attractive novelties to gladden the hearts of the feminine contingent. The bottle of bath salts is of clouded glass, and it costs 3*s*. 6*d*. or 6*s*. 6*d*. The scent spray and powder bowl combined is of cut glass, the price being £2 2*s*. Georgette handkerchief puffs with printed borders are available from 6*s*. 6*d*.

A Ubiquitous Present

"Swan" pens enjoy such a unique reputation that little need be said about them. Ornamental as well as extremely useful is a ladies' case containing a self-filling pen and a "Fynepoint" pencil in charming colours, banded with contrasting hues, which costs 28*s*. For men there is a similar set in a larger size, with rolled gold bands and pocket clips, for 35*s*.

Crêpe de Chine printed in a bold design, trimmed and lined with satin, makes this dressing gown from Turnbull and Asser



Bath salts, a scent-spray and a powder bowl combined, and a handkerchief puff from Myosotis

A Self-filling "Swan" Pen and a "Fynepoint" pencil set makes a splendid and most useful gift

Jewellery which comes from Paris, and some fascinating bags. From Debenham and Freebody

Feminine Fancies

The necklace of alternating opaque and cloudy blue glass beads at the head of this page comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and it costs £2 2*s*. The price of the bracelet of diamanté and coloured stones is 12½ guineas. Embroidered ivory moire fashions the bag on the left. On the right is one of shaded pink satin with bands and mount of silver, and in the centre is a neat blue leather affair with a zip fastener.

Festivities and Complexions

Every woman longs to look her best. Pond's cold cream and their vanishing cream are staunch guardians of the delicate tints and the texture of the skin, and now there comes Pond's skin freshener to complete the good work It acts as an astringent and a tonic, and should be tried by everybody. Lastly, they have produced cleansing tissues for wiping off the cream. Extremely absorbent, and as soft as silk, they are a sheer delight to use.

Perfumed Luxury

It would be difficult to imagine a more pleasing gift than a bottle of No. 4711 eau de Cologne—or any of their other preparations. For instance, a warm welcome would assuredly greet the new No. 4711 bath tablets. Contained in a charming blue and gold carton, reminiscent of the famous 4711 blue and gold label, each cube is hand-wrapped in Cellophane, so that it is absolutely airtight. When placed in a bath they generate carbonic acid gas —CO_2—which has an invigorating and remedial effect upon the system. Pritchard and Constance, Haymarket, is one of the places where the new 36*s*. bottles of 4711 eau de Cologne may be found. They contain more than twenty times as much as the 2*s*. 6*d*. size.

For the fastidious woman. Pond's Preparations to guard her complexion, and No. 4711 eau de Cologne to enhance her charm

Christmas is the time for house parties. An expanding Revelation suitcase is an invaluable possession

An Indispensable Possession

Hurrying along Piccadilly one's eye is caught, when one reaches No. 170, by a modern facade in jade and black and silver. This is the home of the Revelation Suitcase which, because of its ability to expand so that it is always possible to pack those inevitable last minute items, is in ever-growing demand. The secret lies in the extending locks, the extending hinges, and the overlapping sides. These suitcases are available from 69*s*. 6*d*.

A Sincere Flatterer

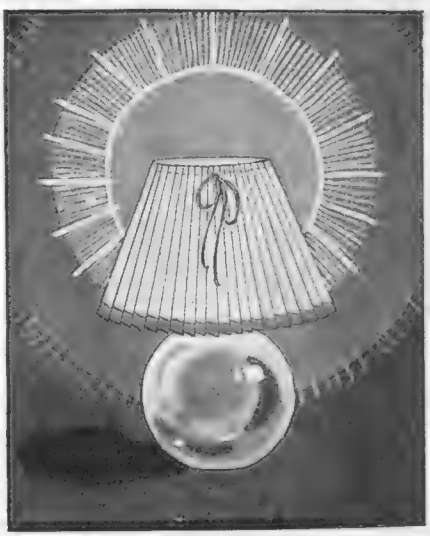
Fortunate indeed would be anybody who received such a gift as the fur coat depicted above. It comes from The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, and is made of antelope skin, with a luxurious collar. The lining is of brown and gold broche, and the price is 12½ guineas.

A serviceable and attractive coat of antelope, which comes from the City Fur Stores

Sketches by Clyté

Radiant Light

This electric table lamp, which comes from Hampton's, Pall Mall, is both ornamental and serviceable. Made of glass, with a crinkled linen shade, it costs 40*s*. A visit to their showrooms, or a perusal of their most attractive catalogue, will provide many other happy inspirations.



An electric table lamp made of glass, with a crinkled linen shade. One of the many gifts to be found at Hampton's

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LAKE OF GENEVA. Alt. 1240 feet, Simplon Line.

NO WIND. *SUNNY CLIMATE.*

80 HOTELS & PENSIONS OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Minimum Rates: 8 to 20 frs. a day, inclusive.

ALKALINE MINERAL WATER. KURSAAL. CONCERTS. DANCING.
ENGLISH CHURCHES. FIRST-CLASS SWISS AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS.
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All smoking affects the Throat!

Pipe, cigar or cigarette—no matter which—the delicate membranes of the throat object to smoke, which eventually produces irritation, either mild or severe. To prevent this, take an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fruit juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz.	8d.
4 oz.	1/3
8 oz.	2/3
1 lb.	4/3

Your Chemist Stocks them

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

The "Abbot" MONK SHOE

A BEAUTIFUL WINTER COVERING FOR THE FOOT

Stocked in Tan Willow Calf, Tan Grain Calf, Patent Leather, Black Glacé Kid .. .. **30/-** *Postage 6d.*

Also in Java Lizard, **55/-**.

Single shoe sent on approval if desired.

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W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD.

324, OXFORD STREET (Next to D. H. Evans) 255, OXFORD STREET (Next to Jays)
82, REGENT STREET (Opposite Piccadilly Hotel)
And at all Abbotts' Shops

At First Signs of Pimples Use Cuticura

Anoint gently with Cuticura Ointment. After five minutes bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. Regular use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment soothes and comforts tender, sensitive skins and keeps them clear, healthy and attractive.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

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Impossible to Ladder

The new all rubber "Sphere" **OVAL-OCTO** grip holds securely and cannot damage the finest hose.

Dame NELLIE MELBA says:
"Have used them and find them very satisfactory."

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Be sure and ask for SPHERE **OVAL-OCTO.**

Obtainable from all leading Drapers

SHOWING THE OVAL-OCTO ALL RUBBER GRIP

Sphere Suspender Manufacturing Co., G.P.O Box 41, Leicester

This Amplion "Lion" Cabinet Concert Model would give lasting pleasure and absolutely faithful reproduction

A Lasting Pleasure

A present that can be used on every day of the year—and not for one year only! Surely that is a gift which is worth while. Everybody number among their friends wireless enthusiasts of all ages, and to them nothing could be more welcome than an Amplion loud-speaker, especially such a one as the "Lion" pedestal cabinet model of the concert type, sketched above. In oak it costs £23, and in mahogany £25. There are horn and cone speakers ranging in price from 35*s.* to £5, and cabinet models from £9 10*s.* to £42. In each of them the Amplion quality remains the same, and faithful reproduction is assured.

Tempting Delicacies

Of a much more transitory nature is the subject of the sketch at the foot of this page—but the pleasure it gives cannot be measured in terms of time. Certain it is that no festivities would be complete without Macfarlane, Lang's assorted sweet biscuits, and that no tea table should ever be without them. The walnut tin depicted here is enamelled and has a design of coloured anemones, which is most attractive. Their chocolate biscuits and their cakes are also very firm favourites and may be obtained in great variety, while the fame of their Shortbread has reached far and wide. It makes a splendid gift, and is one that can be easily and safely dispatched.

Important items of the "Good Cheer" which characterise Christmas. Macfarlane, Lang's assorted sweet biscuits

Practical Help

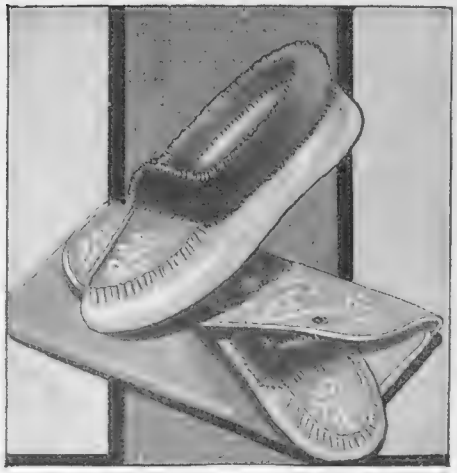
Should it be your ambition to bestow an original gift and to earn the lasting gratitude of any feminine friend, you would be well advised to procure a "Magnet" Electric Hair Dryer. Supplied complete with flexible cord and adaptor for connection to the nearest lampholder, it is suitable for use on either direct or alternating current, 25-60 cycles, and hot or cold air is produced at a turn of the switch. It costs £2 18*s.*, and would prove an inestimable boon.

To the aid of those who wash their hair at home comes the "Magnet" Electric Hair Dryer

This case of Clark's Beauty Preparations would delight any true daughter of Eve

Ministrations to Beauty

If one could formulate a wish, being sure that it would be granted, surely one would ask to be given a flawless skin, delicately tinted. This particular aspiration can very easily be made to come true, simply by visiting Heppell's, 164, Piccadilly, and purchasing a gift box of Clark's Beauty Preparations, which contains a pot of Cleansing Cream and one of Vanishing Cream, a bottle of Skin Lotion, and a box of Face Powder, all most subtly perfumed. Any chemist would procure them if requested to do so.



Visions of harem ladies are conjured up by these Persian Moccasins from Manfield's

The Brittanic Expanding Watch-bracelet affords complete security and is most attractive

Tempus Fugit

It used to be a recognised fact that women were notoriously unpunctual, but the habit of wearing a wrist watch has made them more appreciative of the value of time. Quite as important as the watch itself is the bracelet, to which it is attached. The Brittanic Expanding Watch-bracelet ensures style and perfect security and carries with it a five years' guarantee. It is obtainable in many attractive designs and widths, complete with watch, from £4 4*s.*, and may be obtained practically anywhere.

Prettiness and Comfort

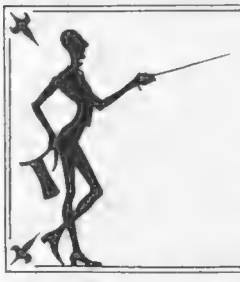
A hint of romance always seems to cling to Moccasins, and the Persian ones illustrated on this page somehow conjure up visions of harem ladies. In powder blue, they are fur-bound, with a fancy design in gold tinsel, and they are contained in an embroidered case to match. They come from Manfield's, 170, Regent Street, where they cost 14*s.* 6*d.* Delightfully warm and comfortable, they would make a most acceptable gift.

A Real Compliment

To bestow upon anybody a token which shows that their tastes have really been considered is to pay them a true compliment. One that most men would appreciate highly is a case of William Younger's Scotch Ale. They are sure to be delighted. Scotch Ale is so popular.

He does not hesitate.

He has no need to hesitate. He knows exactly what he wants—the best man's shoe made; the only place to get it—a MANFIELD shop*; the precise thing to ask for—a "WAUKENPHAST."



* In 1927 two experts sent over by a New York Styles Committee to discover the best man's shoe made, reported that it was a "Waukenphast."

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& SONS LTD.

LONDON: 170, Regent St. 228, Piccadilly. 376, Strand. 15, Brompton Rd. 24, Poultry. 67, Cheapside. 59, St. Paul's Churchyard, *etc., etc.*

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Bridge Coat

in tissue lined Velvet, with Satin Slip to tone.

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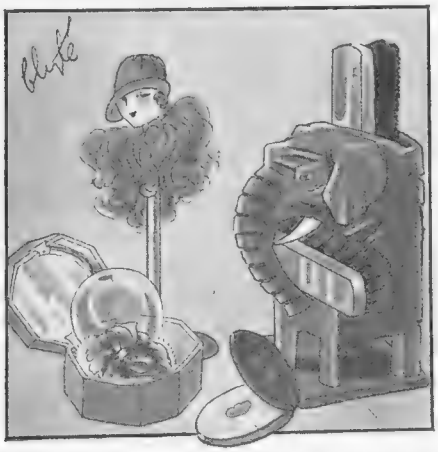
An Excellent Selection

At Boots, 182, Regent Street—or any of their branches—one can always be certain of finding new things, as well as old friends in new guises. What fun it would be to possess a hat stand like the one sketched on this page. An attractive girl's head emerges from a feather ruffle, and on it one places the hat. It costs 2*s.* 11*d.* The black wooden elephant holds two red-backed clothes brushes, and is priced at 18*s.* 6*d.* The travelling powder-box in imitation shagreen contains a mirror, a glass bowl, and a puff, and it costs 2*s.* 11*d.* The small Dubarry compact can be obtained for 3*s.* 6*d.* in a case of any colour.



A novel hat stand and one for brushes, a travelling powder box and a neat compact, from Boots

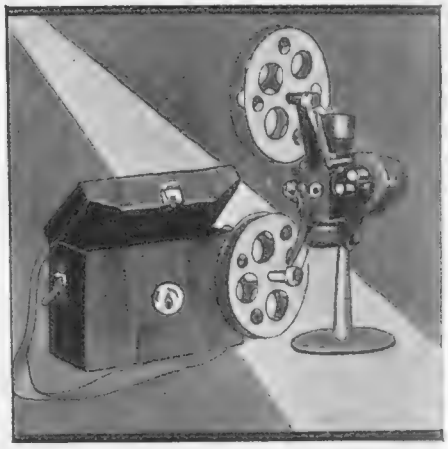
Tablets of soap and a bowl of shaving soap, brilliantine and talc, in one of Yardley's charming gift cases
Sketches by Clyté

A Perfumed Offering

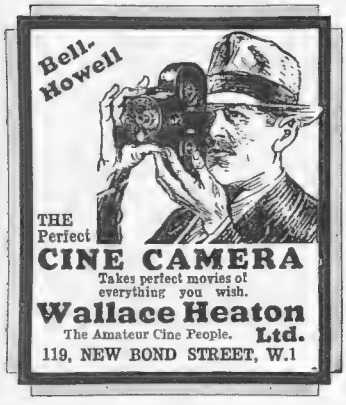
A present which any man would appreciate, and one which carries with it a delightful personal atmosphere, is a gift box containing tablets of Yardley's soap, solid and liquid brilliantine, a bowl of shaving soap, and a tin of talc, all perfumed with the inimitable Yardley's lavender water. Ladies' cases of a similar size, or larger, containing any of the Yardley perfumes, may also be obtained. When making purchases for feminine friends it should be remembered that Yardley's Jessamine o' Devon and their Bond Street perfume are regarded by all women with very sincere approval.

Entertaining Made Easy

A new piquancy would be added to entertaining and to life in general as a result of the purchase of a Bell-Howell Filmo cine camera, which takes perfect personal movie pictures, while the Filmo projector shows them faultlessly. Both are contained in one neat case. In addition, there is a large library from which all sorts of films may either be hired or bought outright. A visit should most certainly be paid to Wallace Heaton, 119, New Bond Street, where this apparatus may be seen, and where cameras of every kind, barometers, Ross binoculars, and attractive albums and calendars provide many solutions of the gift problem.



A Bell-Howell Filmo Camera and Projector provides endless amusement. This one comes from Wallace Heaton



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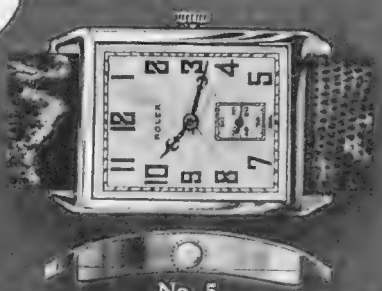

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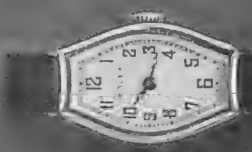

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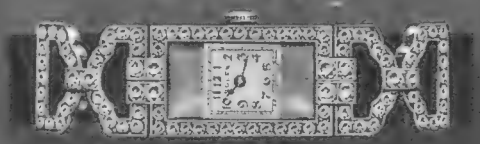

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The MENU

AN AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER

An impromptu supper after a theatre is generally a very enjoyable meal, and the hostess, if she is clever in the use of the chafing-dish, can prepare one or two favourite dishes with very little trouble if the necessary ingredients are all put ready to hand. Some of the following recipes may be suitable for the above meal.

Oysters Sauté *or*
Fricassée of Lobster.
Mould of Hare
Australian Salad.

Oysters Sauté

Pour a quart of boiling water over one pint of oysters, drain them and chop very fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, put them into the chafing-dish, stir in the oysters, dust with salt and pepper, and sauté until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of very finely crushed biscuit or toast-crumbs and three-fourths of a cup of cream. Stir all together and cook three minutes. Serve in separate cups and garnish with parsley.

Fricassée of Lobster

Pick all the flesh from a good-sized lobster and mince it. Melt two ounces of butter in a chafing-dish, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let this cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten gradually with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed add the lobster and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Add a good squeeze of lemon-juice and serve at once with brown bread and butter.

Mould of Hare

Take the remains of a cooked hare which has been jugged or hashed. Cut the meat into small pieces and the force meat balls in halves. Warm the gravy, adding to it a little wine and half a small pot of red currant jelly, and dissolve in it half an ounce of leaf gelatine. Make in all about a pint. Add the meat, put aside till cold and set. Turn out and serve with

Australian Salad

Divide into small sections some oranges, bananas, apples and finely chopped fruits. Add a light mayonnaise put into an empty apple and serve on lettuce leaves

[The above recipe is supplied by M. Pastori, Restaurant Manager at the May Fair Hotel, and is taken from the Book of Empire Dinners.] Emilia.

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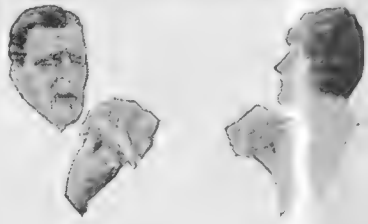

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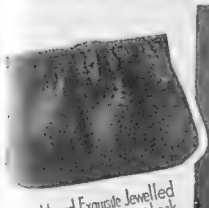

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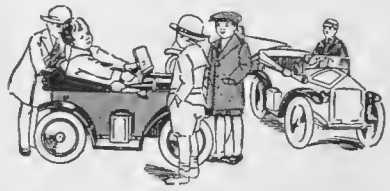

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"Vapex" has one plan of campaign—the extermination of bacteria colonies throughout the whole of the respiratory system. It does this work quickly and effectively. The germ-destroying vapours surge through the passages of nose, throat, and lungs whenever "Vapex" is inhaled from the handkerchief. Catarrh, colds and influenza lose their terrors when "Vapex" is put on guard.

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An Evening Cami-Bocker *in good quality silk crêpe de Chine with new shaped bodice and slender shoulder straps to waist at back. The dainty knicker is trimmed with ecru lace in vandyke design and finished at knee with flowered ribbon. In Pink, Ivory, Gold, Coral, Black, Oyster, Apple Green, Orchid, Sky and Pervenche Blue.*

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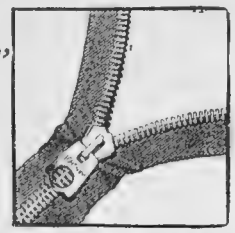
The "LIGHTNING"  FASTENER

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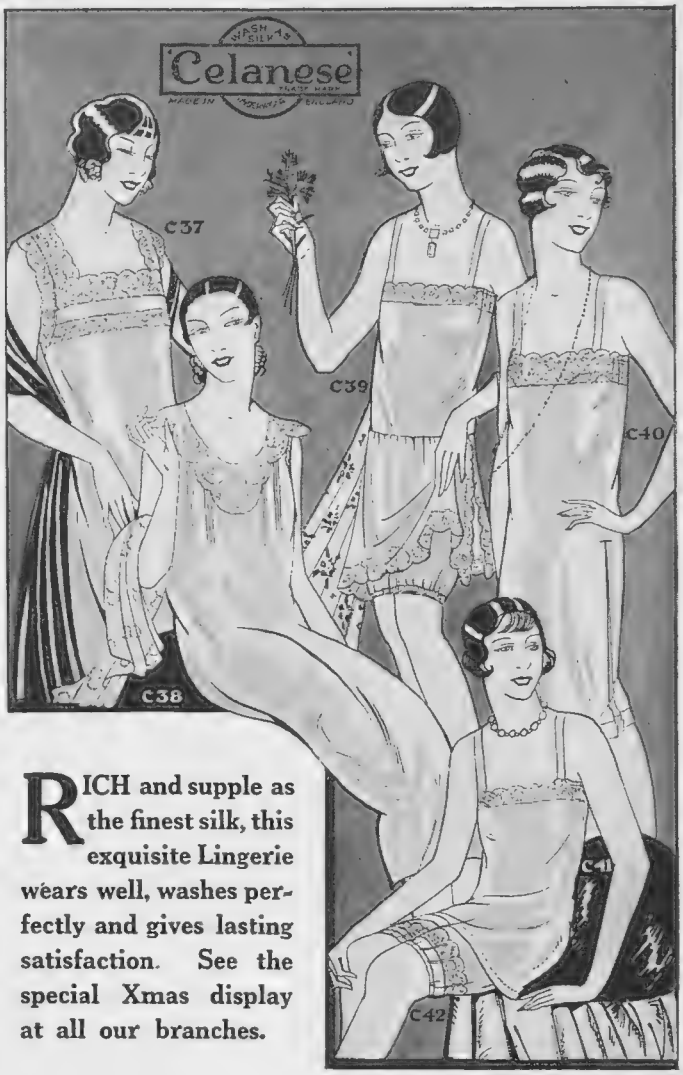

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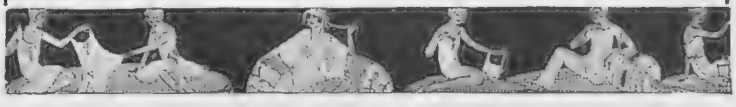

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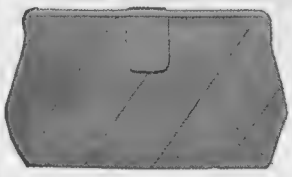

Top-opening Pochette *in best quality millinery Felt, large framed purse with divided centre fixed at side; also puff case and mirror. Colours: beaver navy, green, red, nigger and black.*

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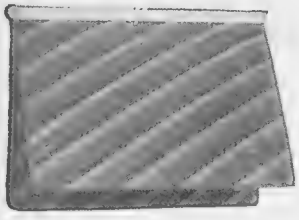

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Envelope Pochette *in useful Tweed mixtures, edges bound leather. Shades of brown, beige, red, grey and blue*

Price **29/6**

A TUDOR NOTE

runs through the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE

THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1928 proves to be an issue of remarkable artistry and interest. A special note of distinction is given to the issue by its Tudor section, to which *Miss Clemence Dane* contributes a fascinating interlude dealing with Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. This particular section, the largest in the issue, is illustrated in colour from some remarkable contemporary documents not hitherto reproduced in this manner.

THE PROVOST OF ETON contributes a newly found version of the never-to-be-forgotten story of the first Christmas, and *Rosita Forbes*, the well-known traveller and writer, describes the life in an Arab Harem. *Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond* tells the story of the mysterious Count of Eishausen which has puzzled Europe for decades.

SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED PAGES in the number come from *Mr. Thomas Derrick* who illustrates "The Old City" by Guy Rawlence. A beautiful painting of a Cornish fisherman with his baby, by *Mr. Ernest Procter* is also included, and another picture of rich and splendid colouring comes from the hand of *the late Mr. Charles Sims, Keeper of the Royal Academy*. This picture was drawn for a Royal Exchange fresco and illustrates an interesting passage in the history of Old London.

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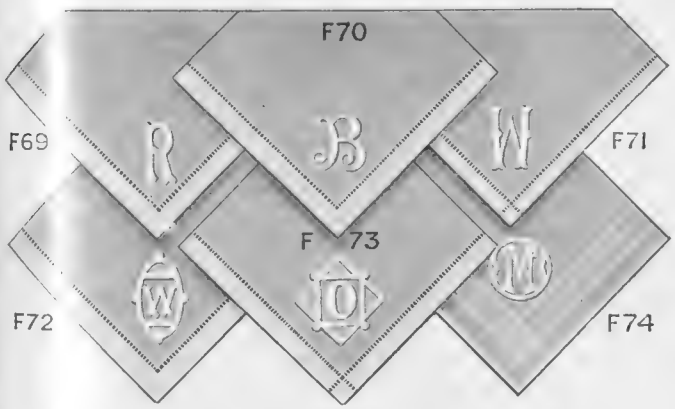

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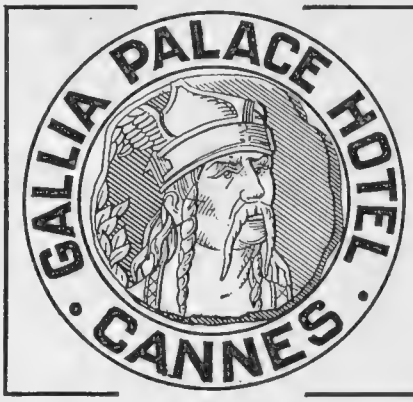

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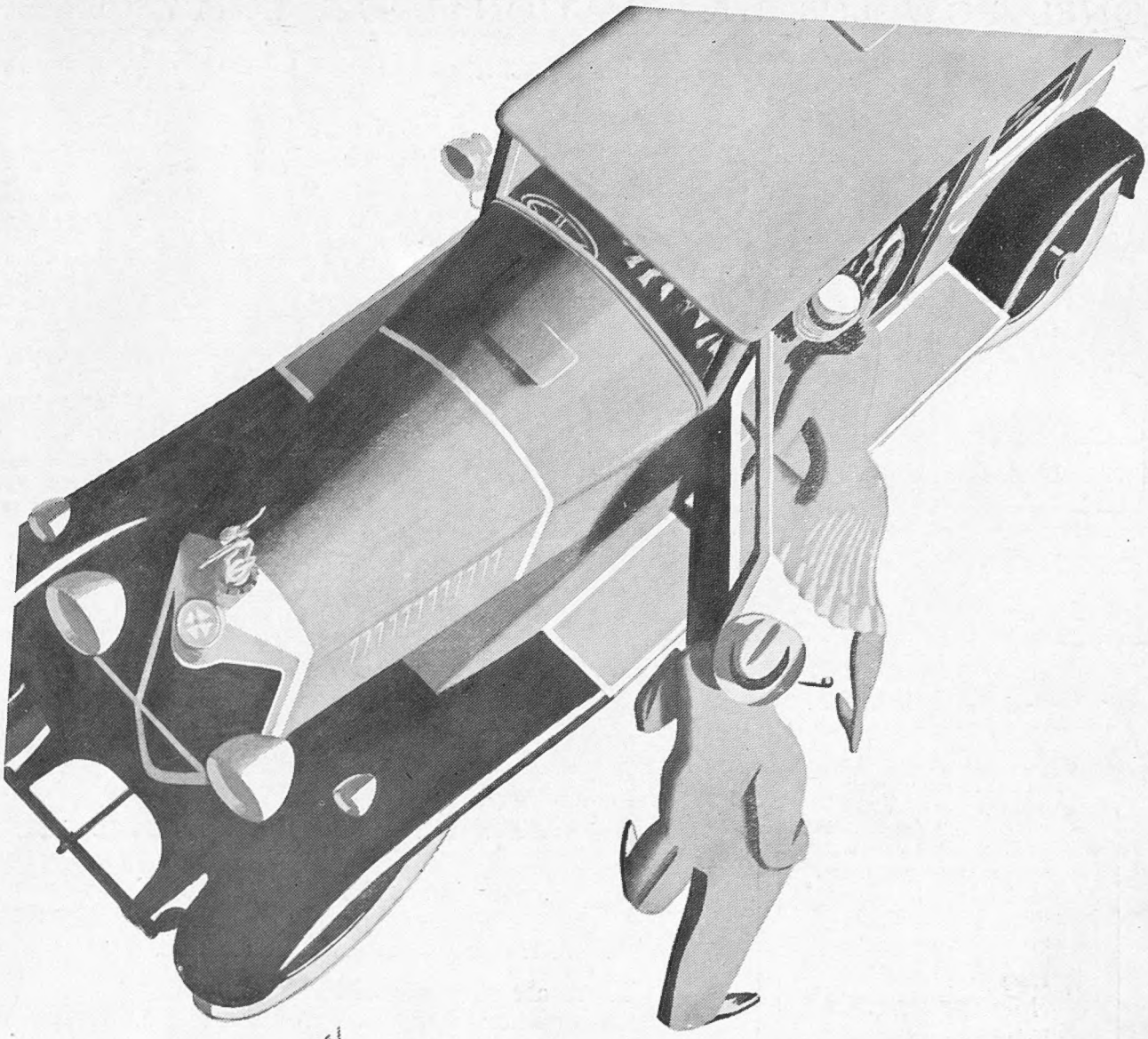

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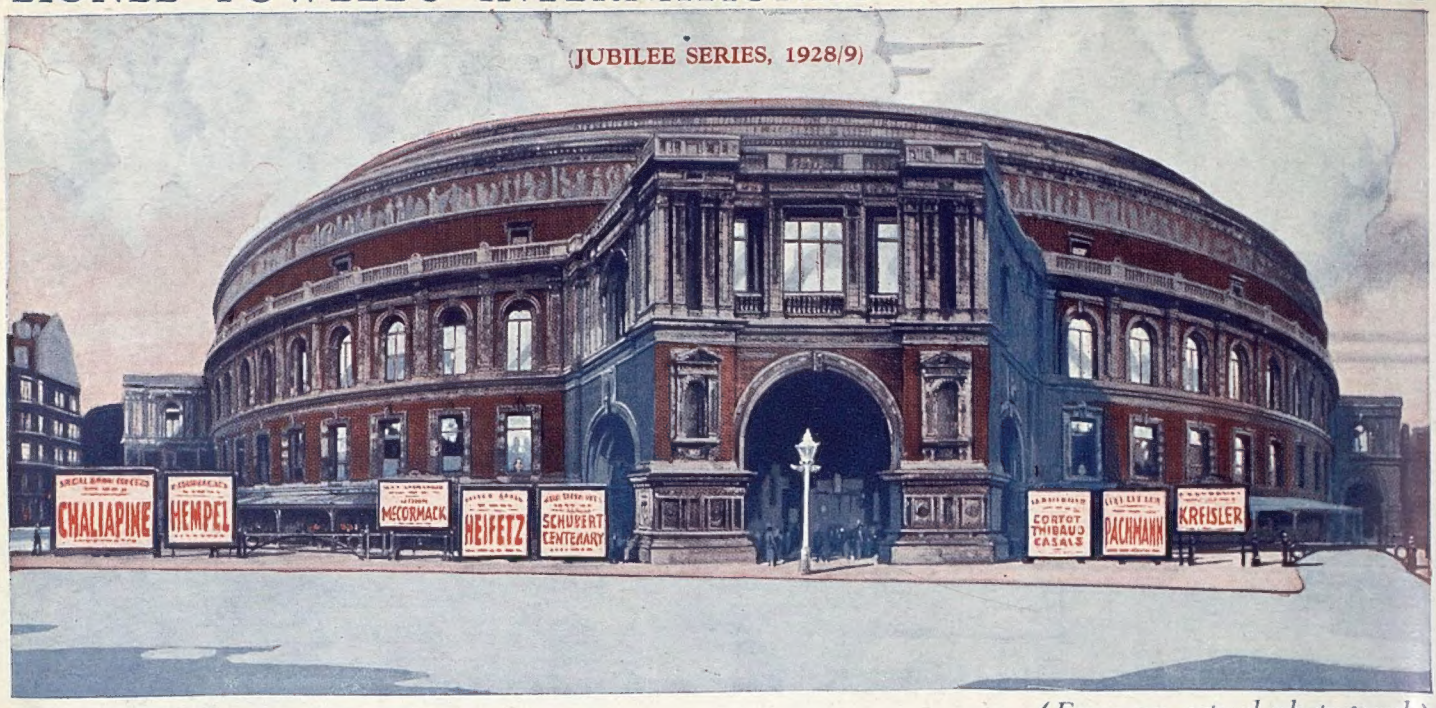

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